

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JANUARY

1946



An Ernest Haycox Western

Well Done, Home Front!

By Grove Patterson

*Remember the
Sunsets....
you Could
Never Describe?*

Mother Nature always saves the best for last in her daily parade of beauty and grandeur. When at sundown she flings one flaming sash after another across the Western sky, the eyes of all mankind gaze with reverent awe. Whether seen from a mountain top or over city chimneys, the splendor of a sunset can be comprehended only when experienced. Words can praise it. Never can they picture it.

Even in less spectacular matters, words fall short of actual experience. If you were stranger to a tender roast of beef, a crimson lobster or a piping hot frankfurter, would speech or print convince you of what you must taste? No—nor can they ever describe the utterly distinctive taste experience that has made Budweiser the most popular beer in all history.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



*Every sip tells you what words can't
— why Budweiser is
something more than beer... a tradition*

Budweiser

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Announces

**A SPECIAL SERVICE ENABLING DISABLED
VETERANS TO AGAIN "TAKE THE WHEEL"**

"SINGLE LEVER" CONTROLS FOR FORD-BUILT CARS

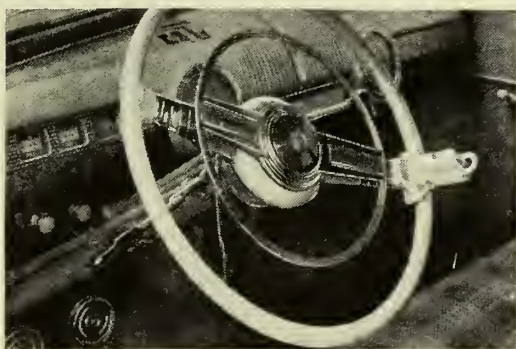
. . . AVAILABLE AT NO EXTRA COST

A special project which Ford Motor Company engineers have been working on for many months, is now completely perfected and ready for use. It is a new driving control lever, operated by vacuum power, which will enable disabled veterans to again "take the wheel." Located on the steering column, just opposite the conventional hand-operated gear-shift lever, this single lever enables the driver to operate the clutch, accelerator and brakes. Disabled men who have already driven cars equipped with the new control device, report that it is simple to use and easy to

become accustomed to in daily driving.

And it will be supplied to disabled servicemen without one cent of cost. "The least we can do for these men," Henry Ford said recently, "is to be sure that they get an even break with those who come back without major disabilities, and we do not want any profit incentive to enter this picture. No man who lost a limb in the armed services of our country in this war is going to have to pay anything extra to drive a Ford automobile."

This equipment can be installed in any 1940 or later model Ford or Mercury and in the new postwar models.



HOW TO OPERATE THE SPECIAL DRIVING CONTROL

The new driving control is a single lever (shown at left of steering column) which operates accelerator, clutch and brakes by power. Any downward motion engages the clutch and opens the throttle. As control lever is released from any position, it returns to "neutral." Upward motion applies the brakes. Special knob attached to steering wheel permits easy gripping by artificial hook or hand, making steering easier for armless drivers. Hand-operated button replaces foot-operated floor button, enabling legless drivers to dim bright lights.

F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y





THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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The Editors' Corner

Hamilton Greene, who just recently returned to the States after covering the war for us on both sides of the world. (see "Japan Is So Sorry," page 20) is still surprised that our readers like his stories.

At 41 Ham is a veteran artist who paid his way through art schools in this country and abroad by driving a taxicab and beating a drum in a jazz band. For several years prior to World War II he divided his time between illustrating western stories for pulp magazines, learning to fly his second-hand airplane, and weeding out the garden at his farm in Vermont. He got tired of drawing cowboys, the airplane crashed on an attempted take-off, and the weeds eventually drove him out of the garden.

That—indirectly, you understand—is how Hamilton Greene happened to become an American Legion Magazine artist-correspondent.

When Ham headed for Europe in 1944 his primary mission was to make combat drawings. It was also understood that he might kick in with an occasional story on his observations, though until that time he had done little writing. When his first batch of drawings came back they were accompanied by a story. We promptly published both the art and the written material, a habit we've followed regularly ever since.

At this writing, we might add, the only person around here who isn't convinced that Ham can do a creditable job of writing is one of our artists—a fellow named Greene, who at latest report was picking weeds out of a garden up in Vermont.

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SOUND OFF!

SPECIAL TOUCH

There is no writing that tells how to produce a bourbon like Old Grand-Dad. True, there is a formula—but he who works with it must also have something born into him. He must have a special touch for coaxing the last wisp of flavor from the ripe grain, a flair for capturing the sparkle of the sun, and a great patience with the slow hand of time. For flavor and sparkle and mellowness are the delights of Old Grand-Dad—an ever-present invitation to count him among your friends and include him among your guests.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond
100 Proof • 4 years old

Head
of the
Bourbon
Family



OLD GRAND-DAD

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y.

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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



THIS LOOKS LIKE A WAR PICTURE but it's right here in the U. S. A. It shows a part of a telephone cable-laying job. We're planning to install 2,100,000 miles of Long Distance circuits within a year.

Lots of action on the Long Distance front

Long Distance calls are still at a high level and there's still pressure on the wires. But we're on the way to giving you more and better service than you've ever had before.

Telephone factories are turning out equipment for peace with the same speed that they turned it out for war. All over the land, telephone men are laying cable, installing switchboards and working on new telephone buildings for the nation's increased needs.

It's a tremendous job and it will take some time and a lot of money. But we're going at it, eagerly and efficiently, with every resource at our command.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Listen to "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" every Monday evening over NBC



(Continued from page 2)

One Man Investigation

Representative Albert J. Engel is probably the best qualified member of Congress to speak up on the subject of Mistakes We Mustn't Repeat (See Page 14.) Legionnaire Engel (Merrit Lamb Post, Muskegon, Michigan) decided early in 1941 that our Government was spending entirely too much money in its camp construction program, a feeling shared by many another American at the time. Unlike the rest of us, however, Congressman Engel was in a position to do something about it. He did. Long before Pearl Harbor he climbed into his aging automobile and began a one-man inspection tour of cantonment construction projects. His findings resulted in a complete revision of the War Department's contract and construction program. The entire investigation cost exactly \$238.17; it saved the Government an estimated two hundred and fifty million dollars.

We're glad to have you with us, Congressman Engel!

Sounds From Sound-Off

Our Sound-Off Editor reports that business is picking up, which pleases us no end. The Sound-Off page is designed to give our readers an opportunity to voice their opinions, and the more letters we receive the better we'll like it. Of course, if we were smart we'd probably qualify that statement, since there'd no doubt be considerable confusion around these parts if each of the approximately one million, eight hundred and twenty-two thousand Legionnaires who receive our magazine suddenly got a notion to write to us at the same time. However, we have great confidence in our Sound-Off Editor, who so far has been able to read every letter addressed to his department, and according to our transom spies, still manages to quit work each afternoon in time to catch the 5:29 suburban to Crestwood.

Grove Patterson

Grove Patterson, who wrote "Well Done, Home Front," (Page 9), is President and Editor of the Toledo Blade, and a man of many and varied interests. A Past President of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, he also is a trustee of Oberlin College and a member of the International Board of the YMCA. He attended the Disarmament Conference in Geneva in 1932 and later went to Rome for an interview with Mussolini. On three other occasions he has travelled extensively in Europe, visiting Russia, the Balkans, Spain, Poland and the Scandinavian countries. We hope you'll like his article.

Plan For Re-orienting

We have just received from the Texas Company a chart which serves as a guide for the re-orienting of veterans returning



Type of 4-engine plane United Air Lines will place in service in 1946.

Billion Mile Safety Record . . . Proof of

CHAMPION DEPENDABILITY

Once again the absolute dependability of Champion Spark Plugs is dramatically demonstrated in the award of the National Safety Council to United Air Lines for more than a billion passenger miles flown without a single fatality.

This award is significant because it was established in war years when the number of planes available for service was at a minimum—miles flown at the maximum. It is all the more significant because dependable Champion Spark Plugs are now standard equipment for every United Air Lines Mainliner and Cargoliner.

The Champion Spark Plugs for your car are blood brothers to these aircraft Champions and will give you the same unfailing service as that experienced by United and other leading airlines. For *all* Champions are products of the same unequalled research, engineering and manufacturing facilities. Insist on dependable Champions, the spark plugs of aircraft prestige, for your car.

DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



to jobs with that company. It's called "A Guide to the Veterans' Placement Plan" and we liked this common-sense presentation so much that we're recommending it to other employers. If you're interested, copies can be obtained from the Industrial Relations Department of the company, Chrysler Building, New York.

Prolific Mr. Haycox

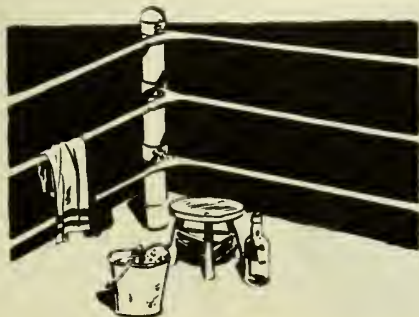
If you haven't already done so we suggest that you turn to page 12 of this issue and read Ernest Haycox's latest story, "Under the Bluff." Legionnaire Haycox (Willamette Heights Post, Portland, Oregon) is generally conceded to be one of the best western story writers in the business. He informs us, however, that his first published works, which appeared back in 1923, were sea tales. Since then he has written 19 books and more than 400 short stories, and currently is at work on book number twenty.

He was born in Portland and spent the first ten years of his life around logging camps, shingle mills, ranches and coal mines. He attended nine different grade schools in eight years, served on the Mexican Border with the National Guard in 1916, was in France in 1917, and later spent six months in Alaska. We are happy to report, however, that he has finally settled down and is now located more or less permanently in Portland.

Next Issue

James Brownlow, Assistant President of the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L. and F. W. Climer, assistant to the President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, present two sides of the labor-management question and come up with the joint conclusion that "We Can Have Industrial Peace." To round out this highly controversial and important discussion we asked Dexter M. Keezer, who served for 20 months as a public representative on the War Labor Board, to give us his "outside looking in" views. We think it's significant that he too feels industrial peace can be attained.

Also in the February issue is an amusing fiction piece, "Hector Goes To War"; an article by Representative Carl Vinson on our post-war Navy; a story about GIs and fraternization by Budd Schulberg, author of "What Makes Sammy Run?"; and several other articles we'll let you discover for yourself.



WORLD-WIDE CONTINENTAL POWER

Yesterday, Continental Red Seal Engines, mounted in landing craft, tanks and other war machines, provided the driving force which hastened the end of the war. Today, proven Red Seal Engines—dependable and economical — are rolling off Continental production lines. Red Seal Engines for farm tractors, highway trucks and industrial equipment are speeding the return to normal living. If it's power you need, you'll find a Continental engine to meet your requirements. Red Seal Engines, gasoline or diesel, from $\frac{5}{8}$ to 251 horsepower, ready to do their part wherever there's work to be done.

Continental Motors Corporation
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

POWER BY
Red Seal
Engines
CONTINENTAL



Frank Capra



Veteran-Conscious Hollywood

BY LOU BERG



The Van Heflins



Hedy Lamarr
John Loder

By companies and battalions, stars are returning to the film capital, which was hard hit in many ways by the war

HOLLYWOOD is probably the only major industry (third largest) in the nation not faced with the problems of reconversion. The transition from wartime to peacetime picture production was as simple as turning a page in a movie script. The cameras hardly stopped rolling for V-J Day. A few stories had to be shelved, last minute changes made in others to bring them up to date with Hirohito's surrender. Otherwise, the war's end created nary a ripple in Hollywood's production program. Sex, like food, is an all-time commodity.

Casting schedules have been shuffled to accommodate returning veterans among the stars. You'll be seeing some old favorites. Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power and others sooner than you expected. We watched the newly-processed Van Heflin making a picture on the Paramount lot—a bedroom scene with smouldering Elizabeth Scott for a boudoir partner. He wore for the sequence a white scarf, a luxurious blue dressing robe and black patent-leather slippers (nothing brown). "O.K., soldier," said the director. "Lean over and take her hand—gently." Van Heflin looked nervous. The Army was never like this.

Hollywood has greeted its returning veterans with open arms and incoherent
(Continued on page 32)



Anatole Litvak



Clark Gable
Ginny Simms



Robert Taylor
Barbara Stonwyck



Robert
Montgomery



Jimmy Stewart

TO YOU WHO WEAR THIS HONORABLE SERVICE BUTTON



Santa Fe Honors You

for a job well done!

All of us on the Santa Fe want to express our appreciation to every one of you victorious fighters, from buck privates to generals, from ordinary seamen to admirals, for a job well done.

We want to express our appreciation, too, for your patient consideration of crowded travel conditions you have had to meet. Your understanding of this condition has made our job of handling record-breaking traffic loads a lot easier.

Military and civilian traffic on the Santa Fe since Pearl Harbor has been the greatest in our entire history. The real test has been to make the same number of passenger cars we had before the war handle this tremen-

dous load, as no new passenger equipment has been built since Pearl Harbor. (We expect delivery in early 1946 of our first new passenger cars since Pearl Harbor).

Santa Fe still has record-breaking loads ahead. We are helping move millions of you men back home in a matter of months, whereas more than two years were consumed in moving you to your fighting fronts. This is a happy job we have long awaited, knowing that no matter how tough it would be you men would understand that we, like yourselves, want to get you home as quickly as possible.

Yes, Santa Fe is about to finish its war-time job, thanks to each and every one of you.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Ready in War — Ready for Peace



Helping you sleep better



It may seem a bit unusual...

...that an electrical manufacturing company serving so many needs of a wide-awake, workaday world should be interested in helping you *sleep*. But with General Electric it's a fact.

Air conditioning units that make every night in the year "a good night to sleep"—automatic home heating systems—silent fans—quieter street cars and buses—heating pads—and feather-weight electric blankets for zero nights...

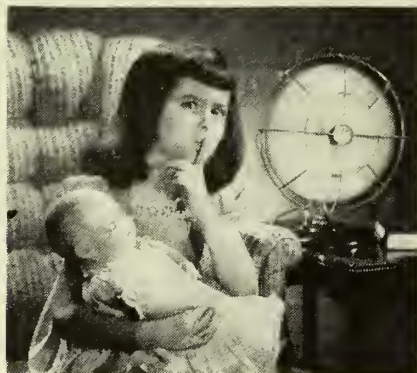
These are only a few of the many aids to better sleep developed by General Electric engineers and research scientists. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



She likes to sleep "snug as a bug in a rug" on zero nights. Her husband is a rugged, warmer-blooded sort. But a feather-weight G-E automatic blanket for each is perfect—for these blankets can be adjusted to keep beds at any degree of warmth evenly all night long, despite temperature changes. G-E automatic blankets are made according to the same principle that keeps high-altitude flying suits "electrically warm" even at 60° F. below zero.



Taking the clatter out of the trolleys. Lucky indeed are folks sleeping along the routes of modern street cars and G-E powered electric trolley coaches. For these hush-hush vehicles barely whisper when they pass—even at full speed. The electric trolley coach is quieter by actual noise-meter test.



Taking the buzz out of fans means taking the buzz out of the blades. For a lot of fan noise, like airplane noise, comes from the whirring blades. The result of G. E.'s designing and testing innumerable fan blades is the unique "Vortalex" type. You can hardly hear it even if you listen carefully!



Taking street light out of bedrooms. This new street light is the greatest advance in residential street lighting in 40 years. Designed by G-E lighting engineers, it projects light away from the houses and to the street. It provides more light on the street where it belongs and less on your house front.

More Goods for More People at Less Cost

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



When the news came, Mrs. McBride set her lips in a straight line; she was silent and tearless

Well Done, Home Front!

By GROVE PATTERSON

SHE WAS a widow and she had one son, a boy just turned seventeen. We will call her Mrs. Mary McBride and she came to the office of a friend of mine who is a Notary Public in a western city. She came to sign release papers because her son, too young for enlistment or draft, wanted to join the armed forces and offer his life to his country. It was a hard day for Mrs. McBride, because it was her only son and he was very young. But she signed with a smile because, she said, she thought it was her duty. Eighteen months later the boy was blown to bits on a Japanese island. When the news came, Mrs. McBride set her lips in a straight line; she was silent and tearless. "He wanted to go," she said. "He wanted

to fight for his country; it was my duty."

This is what the home front did. This was the spirit that brought the victory. This was America—over here as over there. The mothers and fathers who gave their sons to their country were soldiers and sailors, just as were the lads who marched away to camp and to battle. A soldier is a civilian in uniform; millions of civilians, over here, were soldiers without uniforms.

Here's another side of the war, as it was fought by American men, women and children who pitched in to attain victory

Drawing by WILLIAM KOVALENKO

What won the war—both wars? It was their everlasting team-work.

Bill Haydon was employed in a lumber yard daytimes. It was hard work and he was tired when he came home. But he ate his supper in a hurry and set out for the machine shop where he worked until 11 o'clock at night. He didn't think he was doing enough, and he was too old to go to the front. So he volunteered and became a chief air raid warden. He put in his spare time, as if he had any, in an area where raids were really expected. He erected gas alarms, set out sand barrels and fire extinguishers and

(Continued on page 62)



Cissy beams and Donny grins, not because S/Sgt. Robert E. Laws won the Big Medal, but just because he's their own Uncle Bob



F. P. Hyatt, WWI vet, has more of Bob's favorite beverage ready for him. At far right, with friends of long standing: Left to right, Brother-in-law D. E. Plempel, G. C. Rodkey and J. B. Lego, with whom he worked on the railroad, and G. B. Fox

A squint at the barrel of the shotgun convinces Bob the old shootin' iron is ready to do its stuff



Pride of Altoona

By David Stick

Cars and chocolate milk shakes are tops with this skinny doughfoot slugger who came home with the Medal of Honor and a hide full of Jap scrap iron



BOB LAWS settled his gangling, six-foot, three-inch frame into a straight-backed counter chair and waited for the girl soda-clerk to take his order.

"What'll it be, soldier?" she asked.

"Milkshakes," Bob said. "Chocolate milkshakes."

Then Staff Sergeant Robert E. Laws, 24-years-old and just back from a 30-month tour of duty in the Pacific, proceeded to polish off a total of seven chocolate milkshakes in a very determined manner.

There had been a time on the island of Luzon just a few months earlier when this same Bob Laws, with a two-month growth of beard covering his face and blood from his own head wounds streaming off the end of his long, pointed nose, had charged an

enemy hill position and polished off several Nipponese soldiers in much the same way.

For that action he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor by President Truman.

The head wound later necessitated the removal of a piece of Bob's skull the size of a half dollar, so he doesn't remember too many details of the engagement. But his squad members, back down the hill a little—waiting for him to be killed but hoping that somehow he wouldn't—were able to provide a fill-in on the items Bob left out of his account.

Three days before this particular engagement our troops had landed at Lingayen Gulf and started pushing their way southward toward Manila. That was on January

9, 1945 and to Bob Laws, with five other Pacific beachhead landings behind him, it was pretty much old stuff. Except this time there were a lot more GIs hitting the beach with him, and every indication pointed to a proportionately larger number of Japs waiting for them somewhere along the way.

Of those first three days on Luzon all Bob remembers is that he did an awful lot of walking, and on one occasion managed to talk a Filipino into trading half a dozen comparatively fresh eggs for two packages of K-rations. Bob later misplaced his pack and the eggs along with it, and still is a little griped at himself for not eating them soon after he made the trade.

On the morning of October 12th Bob's
(Continued on page 65)



They sat deeper in the shadows, their guns loosely held

Under the Bluff

By Ernest Haycox

IN THE BEGINNING Miles Matchlack was an unseasoned New Jersey farm boy with a hunger for adventure which no farm could satisfy; and his father was a severe man who believed that long hours of work was the proper way to form a young man's character. One day, therefore, young Miles crossed the Hudson and presented himself to a recruiting sergeant in New York. "I want," he said, "to go out on the frontier with the cavalry."

"And how old are you, lad?" asked the sergeant, with that affableness which rests upon recruiting sergeants like an ill-fitting coat.

"Sixteen," said Miles.

This was directly after the Civil War and the romance of soldiering was tem-

porarily asleep in the breasts of young men, and the army by consequence was starved for men. The recruiting sergeant gave young Miles a sly man-to-man glance.

"Eighteen, you said?"

"Yes," said Miles. "Eighteen."

"Now," said the sergeant, "you're a lucky lad. It just so happens there's a place in a cavalry outfit open for you."

There were a thousand places open in the skeleton regiments riding the two-thousand-mile line from the Red River to the Gulf. Young Miles was soon on a westward train for Jefferson Barracks; with him went a group of Irish immigrant lads straight from the boat, half a dozen specimens swept up from New York's toughest alleys, and a few men who could not stand

Illustrated by GERALD McCANN

the law's inspection. At Jefferson he was briefly drilled in the first elements of soldiering by a sergeant who possessed no affability whatever, issued his gear and given his orders. Two weeks later a steamboat dropped him off at a two-company military post far up at the great bend of the Missouri.

Seared by summer heat and winter blizzard, set down in an emptiness which was a prison, this was the loneliest military establishment upon the continent, and here his boyhood notions of gallantry soon enough died. The men were bored, the officers bitter; there was a fight every night behind the stables and the bully of the

company whipped him three times within the month. The top-sergeant's tongue was on him all day through like a knotted whip, the morose skipper drove him more relentlessly than his father ever had done; and monotony and bad food did the rest. He was not yet old or tough enough to take this brutal breaking in, and one night—sullen and confused and desperate—he crawled down a bluff to the river, got in a loose skiff, and cast off.

At dusk of the second day he turned a bend and saw a campfire burning beneath the shadow of a bluff. He pulled in and stepped from the skiff to find three men dressed in greasy buckskins lying around the fire. They were not old men but they were bearded and blackened and toughened and whetted by the land until they looked old; and in their eyes, as they stared at him was that careful, liquid brightness he once had seen in the eyes of a lynx cat.

One of them—the oldest one—said in a voice that held no sentiment: "Squat down."

He had no blankets. The sandy beach grew cold beneath him and the river exhaled a clammy mist against him, and he slept by miserable fits and starts the night through; he had no food and when he woke he sat hungrily by while the three ate breakfast. The oldest one finally pointed to the coffee pot with a gesture which clearly indicated his contempt for a man who had not brains enough to bring his means of survival with him into this wilderness of space. The left-over coffee was what they themselves did not need, else they would not have given it to him.

He felt their scorn and he knew that they, being civilians, had no use for the uniform he wore; and as soon as he had drunk the coffee he turned to the skiff.

The oldest of the three said: "Desertin'?" "Yes."

"Should of gone down river durin' the night." It was plain he regarded Miles Matchlack a fool who had nothing coming to him. "No good by daylight. Indians down yonder on the other bank. You'd make a first-rate scalp."

Miles turned back to the unfriendly shelter of the three, resenting them because of his own helplessness. Then the oldest man cut the air with a short gesture of his arm and slowly turned his head in a half circle, sweeping the morning for some sound he had heard; one of the younger trappers turned and worked his way toward the summit of the bluff. Miles wagged his head in imitation of the oldest trapper, but he heard nothing but the wash of the river as it went by. The trapper who had climbed the bluff slid down and looked at him. "Soldier comin'."

That would be somebody coming to take him back, Miles knew. He touched his Colt and looked down at it, and he raised his head and found the three scanning him with their distant interest. The oldest one said: "You want to go back?"

"No."

The oldest one looked at his two partners and something was silently said between them. The oldest one said: "Then you don't have to go back," and Miles felt the first warmth come from these three to him. He had been nothing to them until this moment; he was part of the group now, simply because he was a fugitive.

He said: "I can take care of myself," and saw in the oldest trapper's eyes an amused flicker of disbelief.

The oncoming of hoofs made a sound like the punching of a fist into a pillowcase and a voiced sailed forward. "Camp there—I'm comin' in." In another moment a trooper showed on the edge of the bluff above and Miles recognized Sergeant Killeen's saddle brown face and great yellow eyebrows.

The picture was there for Sergeant Killeen to see, the three trappers standing negligently by with their guns and young Miles with one palm touching his revolver's butt; and Killeen, with sixteen years of service behind him, saw it plainly. He rode down the bluff to the river's edge. He dismounted, loosened the cinches and let his horse drink; and while it drank he put his back to the group and searched the far bank with his glance. He picketed his horse, took bacon can and coffee pot and frying pan from his roll and walked to the dying fire; he freshened it and cooked his breakfast. Nobody spoke while he ate; when he was finished he lighted his pipe and rested back to give the group a better inspection. Miles Matchlack drew the shortest of glances and the two younger trappers were indifferently scrutinized; it was the oldest trapper who claimed the sergeant's full attention.

"Country's crawlin' with Injuns," said the sergeant.

The oldest trapper inclined his head and his eyes flickered bright and sharp upon the sergeant. "Waitin' for night to travel," he said. His thumb made a gesture toward



Miles Matchlack. "He goes with us."

The sergeant knew then, if he had not known it before, that he was entirely alone; the four men were against him. Miles Matchlack, immature as he was, knew it too. The sergeant's glance came over to him with a dry speculation and for all his bitterness young Miles suddenly was afraid for the sergeant and ashamed of himself, and dropped his eyes.

The sergeant was a small man with indrawn cheeks, a blunt chin and a set of straw-colored mustaches. Once he had been as young and shapeless and foolish as Miles Matchlack; but the years of riding and campaigning and waiting had made of him a stringy, tough implement and the years had squeezed all folly, except the indestructible folly of women, out of him; and thus he was a character compressed into the simplest of virtues and beliefs. He was sly and patient and past surprise and received the oldest trapper's plain ultimatum in silence; and in silence he flattened himself upon the sandy soil, drew his campaign hat over his face, and fell asleep.

The trappers, lying so idly along the earth, watched him with a feline closeness. Young Miles sat back, the cause of this silent struggle but no longer a part of it; it had become a duel between a small and dusty man in a uniform against three loose buckskin figures on the ground. The sergeant had his orders, and he was too old in the service not to try to carry them out. The trappers had formed their minds: They would feed the sergeant, fight a common enemy with him, swap stories with him over the fire; but they would kill him if he went against their wills, and feel no guilt in the matter. In all this wild, haze-ridden emptiness there was no law to make them feel guilt.

The morning moved on and heat came into the river bottom; it burned at his skin and filled his chest, and his heart beat heavy and slow against his shirt. He reviewed his injustices and sullenly set his mind against the sergeant; and he looked upon the trappers and saw them as strangers whom he could not like. He stared at the rims of the bluff, greatly desiring to put this camp behind him, yet knowing he was trapped.

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Mistakes We Mustn't Repeat

By Representative Albert J. Engel

Ninth Michigan District

THE UNITED STATES must never again permit a false sense of world idealism or an unwarranted trust in our fancied geographical isolation to lure us into the state of military unpreparedness which General George C. Marshall described and deplored in all his post mortems of the recent global struggle. His findings warn that we must keep in mind the obvious and also the little known factors which allowed Germany and Japan to deliver an almost fatal blow at the democracies in the early years of the 1939-1945 conflict. That tragedy demonstrates that everybody—the Administration in power at Washington, the Congress and the people—must unite to prevent another lowering of our guard like that which occurred between World War I and World War II.

It may seem idle to try to assess the blame for the slow, steady deterioration of our national defenses during that period. In a sense, it was everybody's fault and nobody's fault. But, as a legislator whose specific duties charge him with keeping in constant touch with the men who frame and finance our national defense policy, I do question the suggestion that the American public alone was responsible for the deplorable condition of our military establishment at the time of Pearl Harbor. The basic reasons for our unawareness and unpreparedness lie deeper, although, fortunately for us, they can easily be remedied in the future by a few simple reforms.

I am confident that if the American people and the Congress had been kept informed by their leaders of 1919-1939 concerning international developments which jeopardized our very existence, they would have responded so heroically that

Hitler and Tojo would never have dared to molest us. Our people would have supported proposals for an Army, Navy and Air Force so powerful that Uncle Sam would have been an invulnerable and dangerous customer. I am certain that the American people will not make the same mistake again, provided they are given the raw facts by responsible officials.

Let me make clear at the outset that I blame no particular Administration for our defense delinquencies in the years before Pearl Harbor. Every regime of recent years must assume some responsibility for the gradual breakdown in our willingness and ability to fight on behalf of our national honor and safety.

It is true, and also to our credit, that our weakness on the land, on the water, in the air, in the factories which manufacture weapons, and in the scientific laboratories which produce atomic bombs and jet planes, derived from the fact that we are a peace-loving nation. In 1922, in 1930 and again in 1933 Presidents Harding, Hoover and Roosevelt paced the world in seeking a reduction of armaments. In retrospect, however, we placed too great a faith in promises and pacts which their makers never intended to keep. As late as September of 1937, the late President Roosevelt dedicated Bonneville Dam with these words:

"As I look at Bonneville Dam today, I cannot help the thought that instead of spending, as some nations do, half their national income in piling up armaments for purposes of war, we in America are wiser in using our wealth in projects like this which will give us more wealth, better living and greater happiness for our children."

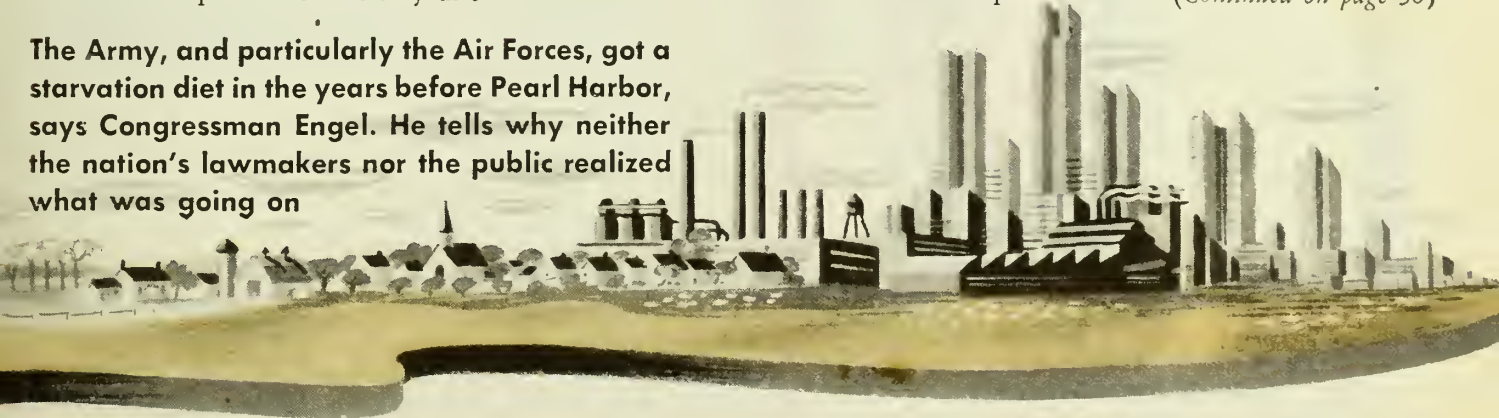
The American people approved this lofty sentiment, as they endorsed all other attempts to lift the unbearable burden of armament costs from the backs of humanity. In looking back, however, especially in view of the concurrent rise of dictatorships to the East and West, it might have been good insurance to invest a few billions in battleships, planes, tanks, artillery and a trained personnel. In those old-fashioned, pre-atomic days we permitted our idealism and our reliance on oceanic protection to lull us into an Alice-in-Wonderland spirit of security. We must not do it again.

Only a few simple steps are necessary to keep the United States so strong that no nation, even allowing for the atomic revolution of all concepts of warfare, will dare to engage us in battle. And if this country preserves and uses its might effectively and wisely, it can be a force that will prevent or if not prevent, then localize all future disputes. Indeed, it is not too much to suggest that Washington, depending upon the military and diplomatic program it adopts, holds the world's fate in its hands.

As a first step, the officials at Washington must take the public into their confidence with respect to changing or deteriorating international relationships, the prospects of conflict and the state of our military establishment at all times. Utter frankness must replace hush-hush diplomacy and the secret assumption of responsibilities likely to involve us in war. No considerations of domestic or foreign politics must be invoked to withhold from the people any pertinent information affecting such grave questions as war and peace.

(Continued on page 36)

The Army, and particularly the Air Forces, got a starvation diet in the years before Pearl Harbor, says Congressman Engel. He tells why neither the nation's lawmakers nor the public realized what was going on



WACKAW

Dress it up!

By Edward M. Ruttenber



Ivan the Terrible prefers outboard shirt tails and collar unfurled

Cartoon by RICHARD SARGENT

Any kind of clothes might look good to you after a uniform, but don't forget that others will have to look at them too.

This is the lowdown on ways to make the best appearance with the least money

UNLESS you are so important that you can get into the society columns with a slight cold you can not afford to disregard appearances. Men fall back in confusion before the blasts of extremists who mention a 10- or 20-suit wardrobe as essential. And well they might. Very few citizens can afford any such investment.

I hold the man to be well dressed whose apparel is never noticed at all, which means that he is wearing the right apparel in the right place at the right time.

Leisure clothes are quite correct when they are living up to their name. Otherwise they look weird. The budgeted buyer would do well to maintain two modest outfits. A couple of business suits and a leisure jacket and slacks with appropriate accessories.

Tuxedos will be back when the group normally engaged in making them can get around to proper production. Not yet but soon. So much for black magic.

Woolens rather than worsteds will be much in evidence throughout the present season. Hard finish goods are worn by all the fellers who know.

Earth shaking plaids in your sports jacket if you like, but also own a spare. One can get awfully weary of extremes.

When you buy a new suit remember that stagey stance you assume in front of the mirror is strictly artificial. As you were. The effect will be better in the long run.

Ever new and ever old. Herringbones. They never grow weary. Safe and sane for the man who doesn't own too many overcoats or topcoats.

The popularity of plaids and checks is obvious. They are included with the here and now. In "Glen" plaids the designs are smaller and often fainter.

A lad wearing a wool shirt in the wildest possible plaid leans on the doorbell and announces that he is acting as a convoy for father's pride and joy. Ivan the Terrible wears his shirt tails out and with the collar open at the neck.

"For this we raise good-looking daughters," groans the pater, more familiarly known as Pop, the Voice of Experience, or the Old Man.

And to show his complete disapproval father goes down town the next day and buys a shirt just like Romeo's, thus vindicating the lad who dashes in and out of the neighborhood ripping the gears on his family's car.

Father wears the tails inside, however, and that seems to make all the difference in the world.

"He's a wolf in Scotch plaid," muses mother. "And his howl is more alarming than his technique."

Young or old, men continue to glorify the wool shirt in hysterical patterns.

To go into detail regarding design would require a Websterian tome but checks and plaids are outstanding.

Men with milder yearnings have not been overlooked, however, and pastels are always available.

There should be at least one of these jobs in wool or rayon and wool in every collection, but delirious faddists can show you all the colors of the rainbow with a few that God forgot.

If he taps you on the shoulder don't jump. He is not an FBI investigator but merely a well-meaning citizen who wants to tell you that your belt is dragging in the back. People do that sort of thing. But the belt has something the boys like despite its vagabondish habits.

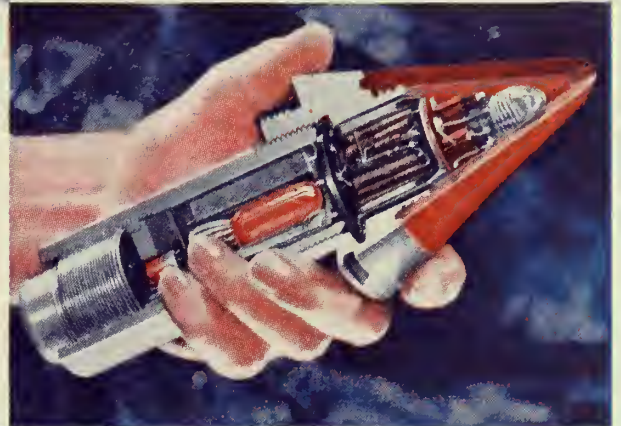
Men have always admired belts and they made terrible grimaces when they had to give them up in wartime. (Continued on page 34)

THE SHELL WITH A "RADIO BRAIN"

**Army, Navy lift censorship
on mystery weapon that licked
V-Bomb, Kamikaze attacks**

DEATH IN THE AIR. Many a Jap pilot, spinning down in flames from high over an American warship, quite literally never knew what hit him. Neither did enemy intelligence, bewildered by the "impossible" accuracy of Allied gunnery.

FIVE-TUBE RADIO transmitter and receiver—powered by the special "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery—broadcasts a continuous radio wave from the flying shell. Reflected by the target, the returning wave explodes the shell automatically and at the correct instant.



NOT EVEN the Atomic Bomb was more "hush-hush" than the "Variable Time Radio Proximity Fuse"—a fuse that decides for itself when to explode; requires no advance setting.

For 2½ years, on land and sea, it made possible unprecedented accuracy of fire: against V-bombs, Kamikaze planes, and enemy troops.

Transmitter, receiver, and detonating mechanism all draw power from a tiny "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery: a "powerhouse" rugged enough to withstand the shock of the gun's discharge: a force 20,000 times that of gravity!

TYPICAL OF PEACETIME application of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" power is this 15-volt *bearing-aid* battery. Small, light, powerful, it gives many hours of service at sensationally low cost per hour! It is now available.



"CIGARETTE CASE" RADIOS, small enough to wear, are on the way! This 22½-volt "Mini-Max" Battery is typical of developments that make such sets possible. It's less than the size of a box of safety matches, yet it's built to last and 1-a-s-t!





"Guess they'll enjoy sitting by the fire, too"

A COZY fireplace is nice, but we think you'd purr with satisfaction over a Calvert Highball no matter *where* you enjoyed it. You see, Calvert is a pre-war quality whis-

key that's definitely *the real thing*...so mellow and smooth it just can't be duplicated.

Which explains why, year in and year out, Calvert is reported "the whiskey most often

asked for by name." If *your* plans for tonight include a friendly sip or two...why not make it a Calvert Highball? But be sure it's Calvert...if you want *the real thing*!

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE **Calvert**



*It's the
Real Thing*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Peter and The Medal

By Betsy Emmons

PETER SAT on the porch steps, his chin in his hands, his toe scuffing at the smooth brown dust of the yard. Inside, his mother and father were having coffee in the living-room. Their polite voices came through the window. Father said, "Would you like me to help with the dishes, Louise?" And Mother answered, "Oh, no, you read the paper, it'll just take a minute."

Peter could remember how it used to be. Mother would say, "You lazy lout, come and help me." Father would groan and make a great fuss about tying an apron around his waist, and both of them would laugh and laugh. Once they had a play-fight and some dishes got broken, but Mother didn't care.

Father had been home a week now. He was home to stay, and he didn't wear his uniform any more, and he had a puckered red scar on one side of his face and limped when he walked. He looked like Father, but he didn't act like Father, and Mother was queer too. Her voice didn't seem to come from her throat at all, but just from her mouth. She was always bringing things to

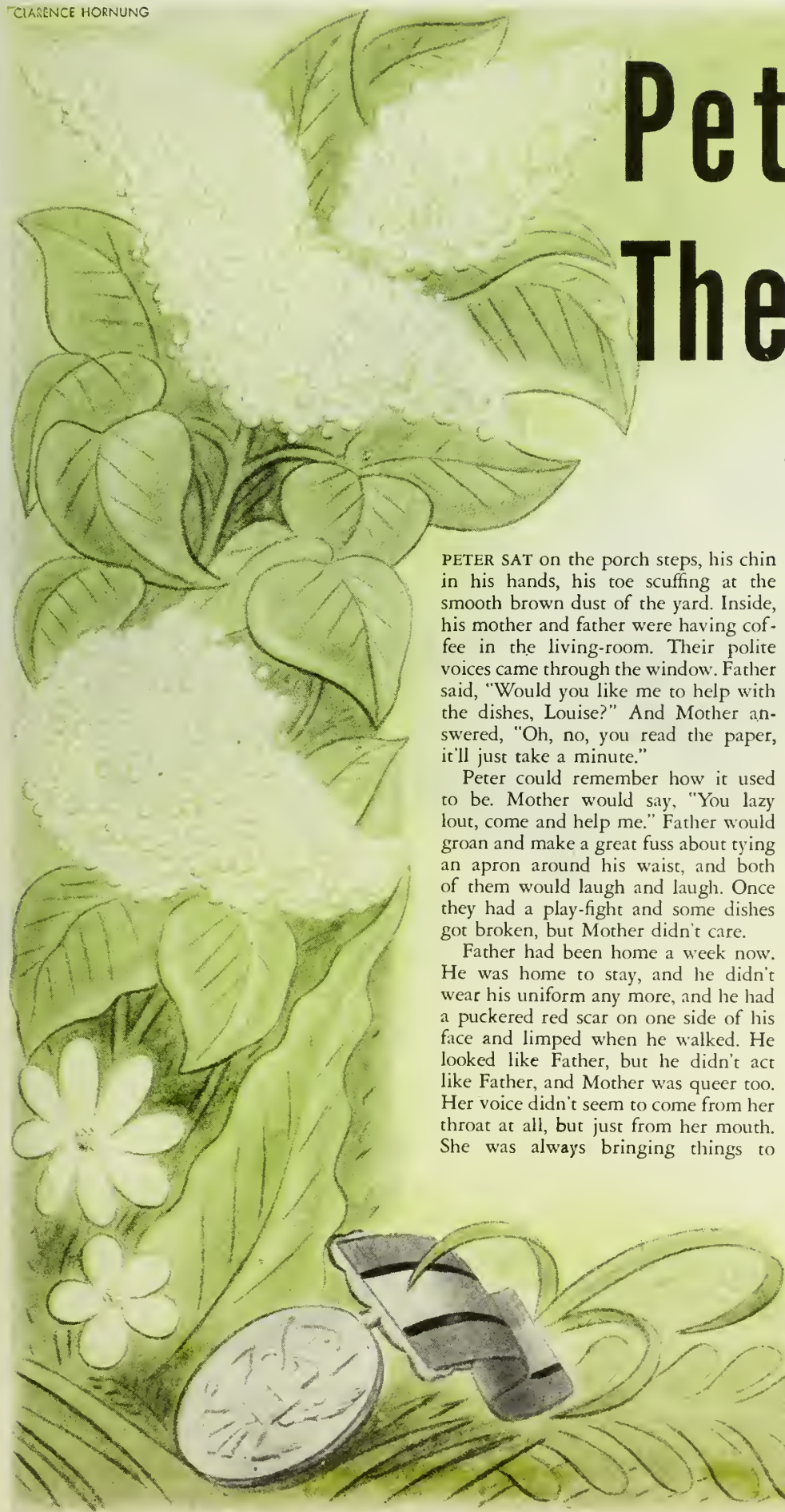
Father and asking him what he wanted to do. "Would you like to play bridge with the Carlsons, Jerry? Or go to the movies? Or just stay home? It's whatever you want." Every night, there was Father's favorite food for dinner. "Jerry," she would say, "don't you like the soup? Is the chop too well done? Can I get you something else?"

And Father would say, in the polite voice, "Oh, no, it's swell," and he would take a bite, and Peter would feel his own throat grow tight and hard so that he could not swallow, but he would sit up straight and hold his knife and fork just right and eat as much as he could, because he was a hero's son.

Father was a hero, and Mother was very proud. When he had been in the hospital and she went to see him week-ends, she used to come home with her head up and her eyes shining and her mouth shivering a little, as if she were trying to keep it still and couldn't, and she would be like that until she got in the house with her bedroom door closed. Then Peter would hear her crying. But one day when she came back, she didn't cry, and she told Peter that Father was coming home.

"He has been very brave," she told Peter, "and that was how he got hurt. You mustn't look at the scar on his face.

(Continued on page 33)



Illustrated by the Author



Wherever you stand in Tokyo, you see nothing but an ocean of rusty metal stretching toward the horizon—debris and crude shacks of corrugated iron

The Japs have a word for all the destruction showered on them. It is "bee-twen-tee-nine." But they feel sure America will fix it up.

I WAS having dinner for the last time with my Japanese friend, Mr. Sofue, when I showed him the little whistle and mirror which I carried, and tried to explain a kind of gag I had about the mirror.

When we used to fly over Japan and dump bombs on it, the guys all carried among other safety devices, this little square signalling mirror rigged with a special sighting device, so if we got shot down it could be used for flashing sun signals to friendly searching aircraft. The whistle was also an emergency signalling aid. I never used either of them for the purpose for which they were intended, of course, but when we went in to occupy Japan I

still carried them with me as sort of souvenirs. And besides, I explained to the Sofues, war being the kind of business it is, the mirror was very handy to look in now and again and see how grey my hair was getting. "It is a worry mirror," I explained, knowing they would be polite enough to laugh.

Mrs. Sofue was particularly pleased, and she said merrily, "War now concluded. No more to worry."

Well, that was all well and good here in the Sofues' house with me on the floor in my stocking feet showing off with a pair of chopsticks, and the family and guests all bowing and hissing. But as a matter of fact the surrender had only occurred a few weeks before and up until then, the war had been very real and the worry about it had been no joke at all.

Even after peace had been declared, and we were about to go in and occupy Honshu, there had been room for nervousness. Be-

cause in the mind of every Army guy who flew in at Atsugi and every Navy guy or Marine who crept through the mine lanes of Tokyo Bay to take Yokosuka Naval base, had been the knowledge that had the Japs been so minded, they could have made our entry a very gruesome business. As you know, we'd got in without trouble.

I could remember the day after we'd landed when I'd sneaked up to the railroad station at Yokosuka and boarded a train for Tokyo. It had been jammed with funny little monkeys who never as yet had seen a free walking U. S. uniform. They crowded away from me giving me swift little surreptitious takes, charged with sullen embarrassment. I'd worn no gun. I'd got my back against the door of the train. A group of armed Naval Cadets holding an excited conference ten feet from me hadn't helped any. If my "worry" mirror had been more of a habit than a gag, right there would have been a good spot to see

Japan is So Sorry



BY HAMILTON GREENE

their territorial conquests was useless to them. The subs wouldn't even let them fish. We learned about it only after it was all over.

The desolation of their industrial centers staggers the eye. The B-29 raids with the use of our new fire bombs, had laid waste mile after mile of their chief cities. For example, you can scarcely stand at any point in Tokyo without looking in at least one direction and seeing nothing but an ocean of rusty metal stretching toward the horizon. Much of Japan's wartime industry was housed in family machine shops, and as the great fire raids swept these structures away, nothing was left but corrugated roofing and the little one-man machines, which the weather soon converted to bright red-orange. The burned out are living in crude shacks erected from these sheets of scrap. A curious feature of the landscape is the multitude of office safes which lift themselves from the debris on small concrete pedestals making a network of little square, orange pylons, each marking the location of a former factory office. Even the big concrete buildings are battered or gutted. And the natives, showing their bad teeth in a pathetic grin point to it all and explain, "Bee-twee-tee-nine."

The paper wall of the room in which I slept at the Sofues had a great hole in it. Madame Sofue was extremely apologetic about it. "Bee-twen-tee-nine."

The poor, naturally have reduced life to its simplest terms which is food, shelter, and warmth. They have a tiny food dole

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from under which piles of corrugated roofing. So you see, in the first few days of occupation, there were occasions when one could really use a "worry" mirror.

Well, I now reflected, that was all back of me for we had quickly learned that the early fears were only shadows. So far as we knew, there had been no deliberate "incidents." Most of the Jap people had discovered we were not barbarians after all, and had become as anxious to please as my present host. In the weeks I had known him, the days of traveling about, and the days of constant pidgin conversation (aided with written notes and little picture diagrams), I had come to learn that whatever we might feel about the Japs either as individuals or in the mass, we certainly had little to fear from them. They were licked and licked bad, whether they knew it or not. Leaving out how much self-justification they might feel about the war, as things stand, Japan is so sorry.

Their Navy is completely sunk or impotent, which fact we had pretty well known, but their merchant fleet was far worse off than we had suspected. The American submarines had done an incredible job of sinking and blockading. The product of

just how matters were affecting my hair.

During the first few days I had been followed through the ruined streets of Tokyo by a crowd of people. They wouldn't come too close to me but they were always curious. I would turn to them to ask a needed direction, and if I saw a young Jap who looked intelligent enough to have studied English I would say, "Hello, smiling, flower-loving persons." Usually, they all went straight in the air and lit running, leaving me alone in 50 square miles of rusty metal.

Well, hell. They had all been instructed by the Jap Government that Americans were barbarians, who would universally rape, murder and pillage at the drop of the hat, and I must have looked as if I was getting ready to drop it. Then I would wonder how many rifles had me covered

The Watch

A REMAGEN BRIDGE STORY

By Orville Lifka

PRETTY MARIA, looking not so pretty and much too thin now, brought the watch back to Johann Biebler. Maria didn't say a word for a moment. She just stood there in front of the counter, breathing hard, as if she had been running a long way.

Johann was glad Maria had brought it, because it seemed symbolic. Maria had been close to Carl, too, before he had gone into the Army to be killed.

The old man took the timepiece almost reverently. He looked at its back, where *Carl Biebler, Linz, 1940* was delicately engraved. With capable fingers he wound the beautiful gold instrument. Then he held it to his ear, a move which came automatically to one who had spent forty years as a watchmaker and repair man. The watch still ran. It was almost miraculous.

He had made a smart move when he bought it for Carl five years ago. Well, what was the good of being in this sort of business if you couldn't supply the son you loved so much with a fine watch?

Maria broke into his thoughts with, "Hans Sneeburger found it. He asked me to give it to you. He took it from the *leutnant*."

Johann looked up. "Took it from the *leutnant*," he repeated in a surprised tone of voice. "How could he do that?" he asked.

The girl returned his gaze with steady eyes. "The *leutnant* is dead," she answered simply. "He was killed by the first Americans to cross the bridge from Remagen," she added without expression.

The old man peered at her from under shaggy, gray eyebrows. Yes, the bridge. It was supposed to have been destroyed. Then all of a sudden the Americans had come speeding across its steel back, and the Rhine River was between Linz and the invaders no longer.

Johann shook his head. He was a bit puzzled by all this, but he hadn't been able to think straight since he bumped his head so hard. His scalp was still very tender. He winced as he thought of it.

Maria saw the look of pain cross his tired face. As if she were a witness to his thoughts, she sought to bring his mind back to the present. "Hans was one of the men the Americans put in the burial party. They found the *leutnant's* body near the bridge. (Continued on page 44)

Illustrated by
WARD BRACKETT



Inlet Fishing's Good Sport



By JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT

THE MENTION of Florida fishing or, for that matter, Southern fishing, brings to mind visions of the sparkling blue waters of the Gulf Stream, with its trim fishing craft and leaping sail fish. Again, it may recall memories of Sarasota or Boca Grande and that aquatic acrobat, the tarpon or "Silver King." To others, fishing in the South means inland lakes and rivers, fringed with cypress and palmetto, where lives the Southern large-mouth bass. These are pleasant pictures. But for some reason one hears very little about the brackish-water bayous and the coastal waterways. Therein lies a veritable mine of sport, the surface of which barely has been scratched.

During World War I, and later, in the fantastic boom days of 1925, '26, and '27,

it fell to my lot to live in Florida. By great good fortune, one of my friends was a native Floridian who knew the country and what it held in store for the sportsmen. We two had rare sport indeed exploring the unlimited possibilities of the Florida bayous. Neither of us had much interest in salt-water fishing of the heavy-duty variety. We preferred to match our wits and our light fresh-water gear against the game fighters of the brackish water. All too often we came off second best, but we learned a lot about that sort of fishing.

If you will look at a map, you will see that the low coastal areas of Georgia, Florida, and the Gulf States are a maze of "rivers," passes, bayous and bays. Fresh-water streams empty into these waters so

Here's a type of fishing you won't forget in a hurry. When fishing in brackish water you can count on plenty of thrills

that they range from salt water to water that is only faintly brackish and, in a pinch, drinkable. These coastal waters swarm with fish of almost countless varieties. I recall one dark night in July when I was standing on the bridge which leads from Titusville, Florida, across the Indian River to Merritt Island. It being the time of new moon, the night was so black that it literally was difficult to see one's hand

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We'll Break Those Records

By Bob Kiphuth

This country launched many promising new swimmers during the war. With their help we should take top place in the Olympics

SWIMMING received a tremendous stimulus during World War II. It was taught in all of the services, and with youngsters being encouraged to swim as a keeping-fit measure, more Americans than ever before participated in the sport. That stimulus will go a long way, I believe, toward making ours the No. 1 swimming nation, both in percentage of the population taking part and in the ability of our swimmers to compete with those of other countries.

To men in the services the crossing of a water barrier inevitably brought thoughts of what might happen to them in case of enemy attack, and those of us who stayed at home heard enough about what was going on to realize that the sheer ability to stay afloat saved the life of many a man.

Now that the war is over we are naturally turning to another exciting phase of swim-

ming—the competitive field. It is only since the turn of the century that speed swimming as we know it has been practiced, and only the surface of this field has been scratched. Technically there has been little change in the speed stroke in the last 20 years, and the advance has come largely through the increase of participants and the widening of competitive action. So popular has swimming become that when a number of years ago American physical education directors were polled on the contribution made by the various sports to physical, recreational, psychological and social development, they put swimming in the No. 1 spot.

Of course swimming has a distinct educational value, but *education* is a word that can easily be misunderstood.

For one of our international swimming



A builder of champions is Yale's Bob Kiphuth

trips, we chose a boy who was fairly young and had comparatively little experience outside of his own town. When his coach told him that he had been chosen a member of the international team, he also described the many benefits to be derived—the foreign lands he would see and the different peoples he would meet. All in all, he was informed, it would be very educational. To this the boy rather mournfully responded, "Gee, coach, do I have to take my books with me?"

I can see a glorious era ahead for American swimming in the world picture. It is a great international sport and its supremacy has gone around the world. Beginning in

(Continued on page 40)

A Winning Team

By John Stelle

National Commander, The American Legion



THE REPORTS of the committees on membership across the nation have indicated there is now in the making the greatest team ever developed in the peacetime history of the world—a team of veterans of World War I and World War II.

As National Commander, it will be my objective to make it a winning team—

An aggressive team—a team that has fought and won, and will continue to fight in the interest of our country and the veteran!

Despite two World Wars in which Americans have died to stay the march of despotic enemies intent on despoiling the world, there have not yet been eliminated from our national life all of those unhappy practices and trends of thought which result in neglect and abuse of the veteran, and which originally brought about the founding of The American Legion twenty-seven years ago.

They say that the solution of the veterans' problems does not—cannot—proceed alone; that during the period when our

soldiers and sailors will be shedding their uniforms, six to eight million workers in strictly war industries will be shifting jobs or homes. They say that while the ultimate goal of any veterans' program must be to restore the returning soldier and sailor to the community—socially, economically and humanely—that this cannot be accomplished except as a part of a larger program embracing the whole of human demobilization.

Granting that this statement, in principle, is correct, experience has proved it does not work out in practice. For, caught in the toils of any vast scheme of social and economic reorganization, the veteran becomes the victim of red tape, neglect, abuse.

I say that the man or woman who was specially taken by law from his home, his job or his education in order to serve his country, is entitled to be specially restored by law to that home, that job or that education.

The men and women of World War I, through The American Legion, created the

Veterans Administration by recommending and demanding passage by Congress of appropriate legislation—the same as we did in the case of the G. I. Bill of Rights.

As leader of this team of veterans of both World Wars, I say now that The American Legion demands a liberal interpretation of these laws for the benefit of the veteran.

For our disabled comrades, we will not—we cannot—compromise. The sacrifices made by our wounded and disabled is a debt which the nation cannot count in terms of material repayment. We can only humbly offer our best in care and devotion. We will not tolerate any neglect of this obligation.

For every other returning veteran, this mighty team of men and women of two World Wars, welded together in The American Legion, pledges itself to fight for their rights, believing that in so doing we are building a stronger nation—a nation which, under God, cannot fail to prosper and endure.



Commander Edward N. Scheiberling raising the gavel to open the 27th National Convention at Chicago

Forward, Legion!

By Boyd B. Stutler

FOUR crowded, history-making days from November 18th to 21st marked the Legion's Victory National Convention in the hospitable, Legion-minded city of Chicago—the fourth such national gathering to be held there within the period of thirteen years. It was the first full-scale national convention with official delegates, alternates, committee members and more than a token contingent of visiting firemen in attendance since the outbreak of the war with the Axis powers. Despite the shortage of hotel rooms in the city and the added strain put upon the already overburdened transportation systems, Legionnaires flocked into the Windy City from every section of the country and from Posts in outlying possessions to help map a program for the year ahead.

Highlighting the national meet was the presence of dozens of distinguished military figures who led our victorious Armies and Navy to the complete destruction of the enemy forces on land and sea. There were General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King, Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle, General Alexander A. Vandegrift of the Marines and a dozen others of the high

command. The weary walls of the historic old Coliseum shook time and again when the delegates and visitors roared their greeting and acclaim to the great commanders. Resuming the custom of more than a quarter of a century broken only by the war, the British Government sent Sir Arthur Tedder, Marshal of the Air Forces, British Empire, as its official representative, and from France came Lieutenant General Pierre Koenig, Commander-in-Chief of the French zone of Occupied Germany, to speak for the Government and the veterans of France. On the platform the stars worn on the shoulders of Legionnaire Generals scintillated like a star-studded southern sky, and on the floor, service uniforms worn by men of all ranks blended in almost equal number with the blue uniforms of the Legion.

And there, too, on the platform and with the department delegations on the floor were sixty-one men who have won the Congressional Medal of Honor—men who have rendered service above and beyond all call of duty in the defense of the Republic and who wear the highest military decoration in all the world.

It was a solemn, serious, working convention from the time National Com-

mander Edward N. Scheiberling dropped his gavel to call the conclave to order. There were but few of the frills that have heretofore made the peacetime gatherings gay and colorful affairs. But little effort was made to recapture the carnival spirit of former years, all of which led one Chicago columnist to remark that "the Legion has at last grown up."

Chicago staged a victory parade on Monday evening which, if not the largest, was one of the Legion's most colorful. The massed colors of the Legion Posts of Cook County and neighboring units were borne down State Street under elaborate Christmas decorations, escorted by marching men and musical organizations. The parade passed between jam-packed lines on the sides, colors flashing under the arcs.

Chosen to succeed Commander Scheiberling to lead the organization through the coming year was John Stelle, McLeansboro, Illinois, one of the Legion's founders and a former Governor of the State of Illinois, who served in France in World War I as an officer in a machine gun outfit of the famous old 30th (Old Hickory) Division. Wounded and gassed in action, he won his captain's bars on the battlefield. He returned to the homeland to go



PAST COMMANDERS PRESENT THE LEGION'S DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

Left to right, Commander Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., accepts the award from Louis Johnson in behalf of the late President of the United States; Brig. Gen. Hanford MacNider with Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who accepted the medal bestowed posthumously on her husband, a Legion founder; Ed Hayes pins the medal on Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz

almost immediately to St. Louis, in May, 1919, as a delegate to the caucus at which the organization of the Legion was perfected, and through the succeeding twenty-seven years has served his State and nation, as well as the Legion, conspicuously and well. National Commander Stelle headed the Legion's special committee that drafted the G.I. Bill of Rights and was the sparkplug of the group in steering it through Congress.

Elected to serve with him as National Vice Commanders were H. Dudley Swim, Twin Falls, Idaho, the first World War II veteran to be elected a Department Commander; Fred La Boon, Chickasha, Oklahoma, also a Second World War veteran who made the Death March from

Bataan and spent three and a half years in Jap prison camps. He is a past captain of the Chickasha Squadron, Sons of the Legion; Jeremiah Twomey, Lawrence, Massachusetts; Graham Huntington, East Orange, New Jersey, and Sam Latimer, Jr., Columbia, South Carolina.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Edward Smith, Sioux City, Iowa, was named to serve as National Chaplain to succeed Rev. DeWitt C. Mallory, Jacksonville, Florida.

National security and the maintenance of world peace were the two issues uppermost in the minds of the Legionnaires, every one of whom had seen war and wanted no more of it. There was unanimity in the desire for a strong America, the only difference being one of means and methods. Long hours were spent by the committees and sub-committees locked up in hotel rooms ironing out the differences. Out of the deliberations the National Defense Committee, through Chairman S. Perry Brown, of Beaumont, Texas, evolved a proposed system of universal military training of one year, integrated with academic education. The Legion also threw its support behind the army's proposal for unification of command of the armed forces, and for retention of the secret of the manufacture of the atomic bomb by our country, Canada and Great Britain.

The convention reaffirmed its belief that America can best fulfill its obligations to world peace and national security by cooperating with its allies through the United Nations Organization and by keeping itself strong. "No peace, however welcome, however promising, can long endure unless it be made secure by the nations which have won it," declared the report of the Foreign

Relations Committee presented by Past National Commander Ray Murphy. The report, unanimously adopted by the convention, also called for a definite national foreign relations policy, particularly with respect to trade and commerce, and approved monetary grants to nations for purposes and uses "which we can clearly understand and approve."

Six presentations of the Legion's Distinguished Service Medal were made during the course of the official sessions, honoring famous Americans with the highest award the Legion can give as a testimonial of outstanding achievements and leadership. Posthumous awards were made: To the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose medal was presented to his



Commander Scheiberling pins the Legion's highest award on the tunic of General Eisenhower



General Omar N. Bradley, Veterans Affairs Administrator, tells the convention plans for strengthening the VA

son, Lieutenant Commander Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., by Past National Commander Louis Johnson; Brigadier General Hanford MacNider, just back from long service in the Western Pacific, gave the medal awarded Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., to his widow, Mrs. Roosevelt; Mrs. Mary Bales, Dana, Indiana, received from Past National Commander Lynn Stambaugh the DSM awarded to her nephew, Ernie Pyle. Kenneth C. Royall, Undersecretary of War, received from Past National Commander Roane Waring the medal awarded Honorable Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War; Past National Commander Edward A. Hayes made presentation of a similar award to Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, and National Commander Scheiberling made the award to General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower.

In charting its Americanism program the representatives of the nearly two million Legionnaires in a seven-point platform declared unrelenting war against all subversive activities, un-American propaganda, communism, and all other isms which threaten the American way of life. It also reaffirmed the stand, first taken at the 1940 Boston convention, for legislation to prevent racial and religious antagonisms and discriminations, and warned that not all propagandists are of foreign origin. The

report warned also against infiltration into the ranks of the Legion itself of "certain groups and individuals" whose avowed purpose is to create disunity from within.

The American Legion has seen many thrilling things at its twenty-seven national conventions, but never a more stirring sight than that presented at the Coliseum on Monday night when some seven thousand veterans of the Second World War, men and women, were inducted. Sprinkled around among the fledgling Legionnaires were fifty-eight Medal of Honor winners who were in Chicago as honored guests.

The delegates roared when Fleet Admiral Nimitz prefaced his address by introducing members of his staff. "All the war was not fought by Texas and me, therefore I give you Rear Admiral H. B. Miller, my head of public information," he announced. The Admiral digressed from his prepared text to assert that "Japan was forced to surrender because of the destruction of her sea power."

At almost the hour that General Eisenhower was addressing the annual National Commander's banquet at the Palmer House word came through that he had been named Chief of Staff of the Army. He told the guests there that soldiers and veterans are convinced that strength springs from unity, stamina, teamwork and perfected technique. These, he said, spring from training.

General Omar Bradley, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, in making his first appearance before a Legion national convention in that capacity, outlined a program for improved medical care for veterans, without which, he said, "the task looks hopeless." These are better pay, promotion, liberal retirement provisions, use of resident physicians, leaves for postgraduate training, and pay increases for doctors who become specialists.

"Until the millions of returning veterans find employment, until they can rebuild their lives and resume their responsibilities, the war is not ended and we cannot escape our continuing duty to them," he said.

America's millions of war veterans must throw their weight behind machinery to forge a lasting peace and create a prosperous domestic economy, Secretary of the Treasury Fred Vinson, Kentucky Legionnaire, asserted. "These two goals, like other good objectives, are intertwined."

Continuing the custom of fraternal exchange and to further cement the cordial relations between the groups of organized labor and the Legion, William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, and David J. McDonald, Secretary-Treasurer of the United Steel Workers, representing Philip Murray, President of the CIO, were distinguished guests and speakers at the convention.



The most exclusive organization in the world, founded at the convention: Congressional Medal of Honor men as they met to form their association



Mrs. Walter G. Craven, North Carolina, new National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, and Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, Connecticut, whom she succeeded

A for Achievement

By Harold Robinson

MARKING a record of 25 years of devoted service to the nation, The American Legion Auxiliary gathered in Chicago in mid-November for its annual national Convention.

Banners of its 52 Departments flashed in the brilliance of crystal chandeliers of the Stevens Hotel's Grand Ballroom as the largest, most influential women's patriotic organization in the world, with 633,021 women actively enrolled, considered plans for new activities to add to its achievements.

The 975 delegates heard the work of the past fourteen months reviewed by the national officers and chairmen who directed activities during these months, the last of war and the first of peace. They heard Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, National President, report:

"The sum total of our accomplishments in the last year of this great war is so magnificent and beyond what we had hoped to attain that it amazes all of us."

Youth was at the convention in strength, young women newly eligible through

World War II. Mrs. Gilbert said of them:

"By association with these women, you and I are going to keep young. Our enthusiasm for the work will remain vigorous, and as we retire in the next few years to turn over the care of the organization to younger women, we can be satisfied it is in sincere and willing hands."

Reports of past achievements in the war effort, in rehabilitation of the disabled, in care of children left dependent by war, in Americanism education, in service to communities, and in support of national defense and secure peace were guides for planning the work of the year ahead. Resolutions embodying and implementing these plans were adopted by the convention.

Decisions of The American Legion's national convention were enthusiastically endorsed by the Auxiliary delegates and support of the Auxiliary's growing strength placed squarely behind them.

To lead the organization during its first postwar year, the convention chose a charming Southern woman with long experience and distinguished success in

Auxiliary leadership, Mrs. Walter G. Craven, of Charlotte, North Carolina. Unopposed for the office, Mrs. Craven was elected National President by acclamation.

Elected to serve with her as National Vice Presidents were Mrs. Archie W. Miller, of Cumberland, Pennsylvania, Eastern Division; Mrs. Willard E. Morss, of Howard, Kansas, Central Division; Mrs. Willis C. Reed, of Vinita, Oklahoma, Southern Division; Mrs. A. W. Plachte, of Wahpeton, North Dakota, Northwestern Division, and Mrs. Worth Montgomery, of Glens Ferry, Idaho, Western Division.

Mrs. Butler Ward, of Rutland, Vermont, was elected National Historian, and Mrs. Warren W. Boulden, of Elkton, Maryland, National Chaplain.

At the meeting of the National Executive Committee immediately following adjournment of the convention, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, of Story City, Iowa, was re-elected National Secretary, on nomination of the National President, and Mrs. Cecilia Wenz, of Indianapolis, Indiana, was re-elected National Treasurer.

The Auxiliary breaks all records and raises its sights for '46



Here's ex-soldier John B. Greenland, Centre County, Pennsylvania, aboard the tractor that is one of the most important factors in his success

Candid photos by BEN DE BROCKE

Farming's the Life

By Max D. Novack

It's the life, that is, if you've got the know how and plenty of guts. Prove it to Uncle Sam and get a loan

GOVERNMENT experts estimate that 1,500,000 veterans of World War II will turn to farming as their way of life. Polls conducted among servicemen have shown that only 5 percent of those who want to be farmers are willing to start as farmhands. All the rest stated flatly that they wanted to be their own boss and run their own farms.

Unfortunately, however, the great majority of those who want to own a farm have no money or property with which to back their desires. In fact, only one-third of those questioned have farms of their

own or have a family farm to fall back on.

For the 54 percent who have no money with which to buy and stock a farm, the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights and the loans made available by the Farm Security Administration should supply the answer to their problems.

Those who wonder how they will be able to get by till their first crop comes in, will find additional help in the unemployment compensation provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. These sections of the law guarantee World War II veterans \$100 a month for up to a maximum of 52 full weeks while

they are running their new-bought farms.

To become eligible for this feature of the law, the veteran-farmer must be able to show that he has earned less than \$100 in the calendar month prior to applying for the unemployment compensation. Once that is shown, the veteran can count on receiving the difference between what he earned from his farm and \$100. If the veteran's farm earned no money over and above its normal operating expenses, the veteran receives the full \$100.

In addition to the financial help made available via the laws passed by Congress, the veteran who is planning to own his own farm can count on sound advice and guidance from various agencies of the Department of Agriculture. That department has prepared a great deal of literature on farming and farming opportunities which should be of inestimable value to the prospective farmer. Just as the man who plans a retail business must be careful that he is selecting a business that he knows and can master, so must the veteran-turned-farmer know his field of farming. Since each type of farm requires a different type of knowledge, different experience,

(Continued on page 54)



The milk his eight cows furnish daily constitutes Greenland's most profitable activity

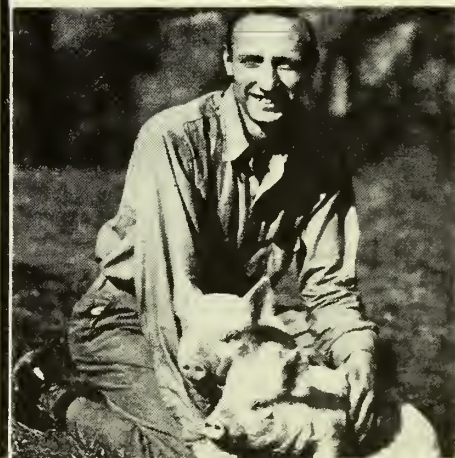


Talking over his farm problems with Carl Alexander, FSA Agent, who supplies some answers



Garden truck finds a market at nearby State College, of which John's a part-time student

We selected John B. Greenland's many-sided farm in Pennsylvania as the best to illustrate this article. Mr. Greenland, WW2 veteran, failed to make a go of his first venture, but Uncle Sam, knowing the background of that failure, let him have another loan to finance a different farm. Farm Security officials say he is meeting his payments regularly

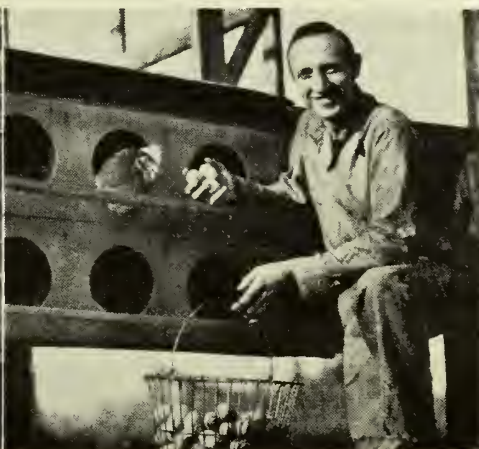


Raising hogs is something brand new for Greenland. His family will eat the pork they can't sell

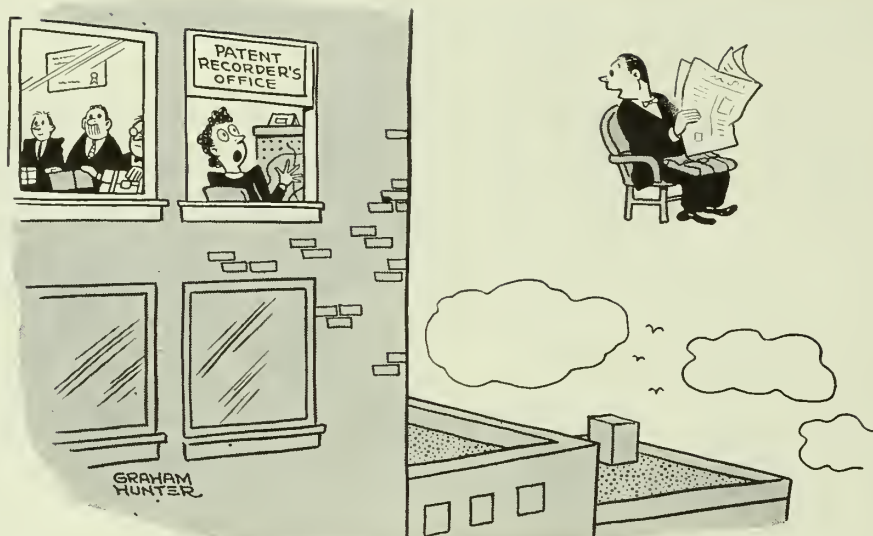
The hen looks startled, but she'll be producing as usual tomorrow



John's mother knows the value of preserving foods for winter's needs



Checking income and outgo, a must in farm operations, any time, anywhere



"If you don't mind I'll just wait out here."

VETS IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 6)

noises expressive of great pleasure. This was not merely gratitude towards the local heroes for helping to save the world. Hollywood needs them. There has been a dearth of male stars, and even more serious shortage of top-flight writers and directors. The studios gave a lot of men to the armed services. Signal Corps headquarters in Astoria, L. I., was a little Hollywood. More or less important money-makers, from Alberts to Zanuck, were at one time or another lost to Hollywood because of the war.

Even more important to the studios has been the return of the thousands of studio technicians who have been working for Uncle Sam—the camera crews, sound men, still photographers, cutters, laboratory experts.

Hollywood will have no difficulty making room for them all. It has been generous in its welcome to them—and can afford to be. Provisions for their rehiring have been excellent, including vacations, salary adjustments and other emoluments. The studios seem to think they can absorb not only these one-time employes, but eventually also the tens of thousands who were trained by Hollywood for combat photography and picture making in general for military uses. It may be news to a lot of people that the studios have been training men for the Army and Navy over a period of ten years.

Returning veterans may vitally affect Hollywood production. Directors like Capra, Kanin and Litvak; actors like Stewart, Gable, Morris, Montgomery, have been living lives more dramatic than any of Hollywood's imagining. They may have to adjust themselves to Hollywood's artificial conceptions.

On the other hand, these men are in a

position to teach Hollywood much about how men really act in the face of danger.

The screen has no special postwar plans, is making no postwar promises. The producers are standing pat; playing the cards they hold. Back in pre-war days you heard some fancy talk about revolutionary changes on the screen, such as the third dimension, for example. You don't hear such talk today. The new developments under discussion are all minor ones—the exhibition of movies on railroad club cars and transcontinental planes; the extended use of 16 mm. films for visual education (inspired by the success of Army training films); adoption of plastic materials for set-making; acoustical improvements, better cameras.

Hollywood's dream is a return to its pre-war status. It yearns particularly for its lost foreign markets. In pre-war days the studios estimated that they paid their negative costs—broke even, that is—on domestic customers; made their profits abroad. The war ended the lucrative business overseas, but Hollywood more than made up for it at home. Now it wants all that and Heaven too. Even before the ink was dry on the German surrender document, emissaries from the screen capital were on their way to Europe, to negotiate postwar trade pacts. For reasons too complicated to go into here, they have been making little more progress than—shall we say?—the Council of Foreign Ministers.

HOLLYWOOD has its home problems but they are not altogether new, nor post-war exactly. Recently it's been having its share of labor troubles. A pesky jurisdictional dispute between two A. F. of L. studio unions flared up into violence reminiscent of labor wars in the coal fields. The causes of the trouble are almost as hard to explain as the atom bomb, and the results are almost as disastrous to the

studios. But the strike has nothing to do with postwar wages. Eric Johnston, new head of what used to be known as the Hays Office, is in Hollywood at this writing, pouring oil on troubled waters. If he succeeds in settling what is perhaps the most confused strike in the history of trade unions, he'll be much in demand elsewhere as a labor conciliator.

Hollywood is being plagued by Government suits—and that's nothing new either. One of the largest independent theatre chains has been ordered to dissolve, and the studio-controlled theatres are probably next to go. It looks as if Uncle Sam will not be satisfied until every little movie exhibitor will be able to shop for pictures the way his wife does for a new dress. To add to the producers' worries, the Treasury Department is getting to be quite a bore on the subject of income taxes.

But these, as we said, are more or less chronic troubles. For the most part, the end of the war spelled complete liberation for Hollywood. The motion picture industry was hit harder than most essential industries by the galling restrictions of war. Hollywood took rationing hard. It was used to dealing with a lavish hand, being by nature expansive, extravagant and wasteful. Its cardinal principle for making money was to spend money. Now it had to be economical to the point of being niggardly. Shortage of clothing material meant the patching and refurbishing of old drapes and costumes—Hedy Lamarr in hand-me-downs. Shortage of celluloid meant that the director had to get it right the first time. No retakes because of a misplaced curl on the heroine's head. The Government set a \$25,000 limit on sets—and for a while on salaries. Location trips to Timbuctoo were out for the duration. The movie people had to be stay-at-homes.

SOME wartime sobriety clings to the movie colony even now that the war is well over. At Hollywood gatherings these days you hear as much talk of politics as you do of racehorses. Whether this is altogether an improvement is a matter for debate. Hollywood big shots, who make too much money too fast—and know it—are notorious "yearners" and "seekers."

Pictures promise to improve—in some directions. In any direction they will be more lavish; more super-super. One way or another, you'll probably be getting more for your money. Bill Mauldin is in Hollywood, working with the Lardner boys on a movie version of his cartoon book. Dining with the top executives on the International lot, he looked forlorn and out of place; kept his eyes on the plate, and spoke only when spoken to. Maybe he's always like that; maybe he just doesn't get along with bigwigs, in the Army or out. Anyway, his presence makes it certain that Hollywood is about to turn out an authentic picture of the war—now that it is over.

PETER AND THE MEDAL

(Continued from page 19)

When you go walking with him, if it's hard for him to walk fast, you mustn't run ahead. You must just pretend that you like to walk as slowly as he does."

And one day, when Father had gone downtown to talk about when he was going back to his office, Mother had called Peter into the bedroom and shown him the medal. Her face had been solemn and her eyes bright. "You must never forget that Father is a hero," she had told Peter. But Peter hated that medal. It was all mixed up with the polite, funny way Mother and Father acted now. Peter was lonely. "I'd like to do something wicked," he said aloud to himself. The words scared him, but he said it again.

Peter went into the house. Mother was in the kitchen and Father sat in the living-room reading his paper. Peter went quietly upstairs to the bedroom. He stood on tip-toe and reached into the top bureau drawer. The medal was in a little box with some collar-buttons and things. Peter took it in his hand and scowled at it. He went to the window and threw it as far as he could, into the lilac-bushes below.

He went downstairs. Mother was in the living-room with Father now, but they were not talking. Peter stood in the doorway. His insides felt big and funny, and it was hard for him to breathe. "I threw it away," he said. "You'll never find it, no matter how hard you look. You'll never see it again."

"What did you throw away?" asked Father, as if he didn't really care.

"The medal," said Peter. "I threw it away. You'll never see it again."

Mother stood up with a jerk and ran to Peter. She took hold of his shoulder and shook him. "What's that?" she said. "You threw away the medal? Father's medal?"

Father came over too and took hold of Peter's other shoulder. "Did you really throw it away?" he asked. "Why did you do it?"

"I'll go upstairs and see," said Mother. Her footsteps were sharp and quick on the stairs, and she came down with her forehead wrinkled. "It's gone," she said. "Peter, what did you do with it? You must tell us."

Peter shook his head. He could not possibly have answered. "Peter," said Father, "I will not have you disobedient. If you don't tell us what you did with the medal, I must whip you."

Mother straightened up to look at Father, and her voice was shrill. "No, you won't!" she cried. "He's a bad boy and he'll stay in bed tomorrow until he tells us, but I won't have him whipped!"

"He'll be whipped unless he tells us right now." Father shouted back. His voice was so fierce that shivers ran down Peter's spine, but he was not polite. "You're not going to spoil my son!" Father yelled.

"He's my son, too!" shouted Mother. Her voice came from her throat, not just from her mouth. "You won't abuse him!"

"Louise, you're an idiot!" Father yelled. "I'm not going to abuse him. But he's got to learn to do what he's told. Peter, what did you do with that medal?"

This time Peter could not even shake his head. He just looked at the ground. Father took hold of Peter and marched him into the yard and cut a long, thin stick from one of the lilac bushes and whipped him.

It was not as bad as Peter expected. Father hit him about ten times, five on each leg, and then gave him a spank and said, "Now go to bed." The spank wasn't hard. It was sort of friendly, more friendly than anything Father had done since he came home.

Peter's legs stung, but his insides felt better. He started into the house, and at the door he said to Father, "I threw it out the window. I'll hunt for it in the lilac bushes tomorrow." Then he went upstairs to bed.

After a little while, Peter heard voices in the yard. He got out of bed and looked out the window. Father and Mother were crawling around under the lilac bushes, on their hands and knees.

Peter could hear what they said. "Why do you suppose he did it, Jerry?" Mother was saying. "He's been so good. He was so good all the time you were gone, and this last week he's been just perfect. I can't understand it."

"Maybe he's been too good," said Father. "You and Peter have both been so good all week, I don't really feel that I'm home at all."

Mother sat up on her heels. "So that's it," she said slowly. Then she gave a little squeal and held up something that glittered silver in the moonlight. "Here it is!" she cried. She held it out of Father's reach, and he snatched at it, and she jerked it away. They both began to laugh, and Father pulled a lilac-blossom from the bushes and put it down Mother's neck.

Peter laughed too, and went back to bed. He was pretty sure that Father would come up to see him, but if not, it didn't matter. The covers felt warm and good, and downstairs in the yard he could still hear Mother and Father laughing. It sounded like Father, not like a hero.



OVERBOARD!

THE BIG Navy PBY was being transferred to another base, so when it took off it was really a moving van with wings. Each man aboard had all his personal possessions with him—clothes, souvenirs, books, and everything else that accumulates during a tour of duty.

Just beyond the half-way point, without warning, one of the engines conked. Despite the efforts of pilot and copilot it stayed conked.

As the plane lost altitude the pilot gave orders to jettison all unnecessary equipment. The crew didn't waste any time—they had been trained for just this sort of overwater emergency. Guns and ammunition, oxygen tanks, parachute packs, and a miscellany of the plane's detachable furnishings began to splash into the Pacific.

Although the plane was lightened considerably, the altimeter continued to drop. Reluctantly, the pilot directed the crew to throw all personal property overboard.

"How about this, sir?" The crew chief held up a small leather valise belonging to the pilot. It contained two well-nigh priceless miniature cameras, their accessories, and a lot of unreplaceable negatives, property of the pilot. A glance at the altimeter, however, proved that it was indeed a time for bullet biting. The pilot gulped, gestured eloquently, and the bag went over.

The crew followed their pilot's example. Government-furnished equipment was swiftly dispatched, including clothes and shoes. Then, bitterly, the men began throwing out enemy weapons, Chinese shawls, samurai swords and precious unopened bottles.

The plane limped on, slowly losing altitude, till finally the island landfall was sighted. The PBY landed.

Slapping backs all around, the crew leaped from the plane. After checking switches and controls the pilot followed. An unassuming fellow, he nevertheless realized that his men would be tremendously grateful. He prepared to receive their plaudits with becoming modesty.

Instead he was greeted with sour expressions and complete and utter silence. Perplexed and indignant, he began a routine exterior inspection.

He soon discovered what his crew had already seen and assessed in terms of hard-earned pay. Hanging snugly in their shackles were two 1000-lb. bombs!—By Corporal B. F. Stall, Jr.



Body lines are long, loose, tapering

DRESS IT UP

(Continued from page 16)

Younger chaps are eminently belt conscious and the oldsters have a definite hangover from the old days of half belts on sports jackets and the trench overcoat.

This winter the cotton gabardine coat with fur or alpaca lining comes in both short and medium lengths and the belted earls are having a field day.

Fur has been used in this department of utter nonchalance although I shouldn't care to give it a name. After all, one can always tell his friends he asked for sable, mink or otter.

This type of overcoat, which can be either regulation overcoat length or slightly better than hip length, is a war baby that reached early maturity and now looks like a permanent fixture.

Banker and brokerish types are wearing these rough and ready affairs and it is whispered in the streets of communities great and small that they make the older men look younger and the younger a bit older. I wouldn't know about that. There isn't a dissenting voice in the audience insofar as I know.

VARIOUS startled citizens have appeared at my study door under cover of darkness and with some stealth and secrecy to check on the new smaller models in hats.

These hats are strictly tabloid but the effect is sometimes terrific. The wearers frequently feature a startled look. A few appear frightened. Brims are narrow and a first impression is that one's eyebrows are raised in perpetual surprise.

Not all men can stand the shock but those who like to appear well up in the front ranks of the fashion parade say that the smaller hats are definitely an improvement after the first mild brain concussion.

A wise selection this season is the model that can be worn with brim turned up or down as the owner prefers. This model is by way of being a timid soul's homburg,

a type that can be altered when one's mood changes from the sublime to the raffish.

There is one color this season that stops me dead in my tracks; a rich tobacco brown with a slightly darker band.

For the man who intends to wear brown all winter the little number is strictly okay but for those who vary their suitings and outer garments, I suggest something less aggressive and more soothing.

Definitely a chapeau for the man who owns many hats and many suits and overcoats.

Those who possess army figures are fortunate. The suits this season seem to be made for chaps with broad shoulders and very flat stomachs.

As a matter of fact an abdominal spread is almost as bad as the old halitosis horror that started people whispering some years ago.

The new clothing is friendly, however, to men who are portly. Body lines are long, loose and tapering, the lapels wide and the effect topped off by using one button out of two or a possible three, said button approximately midship.

In both single and double breasted models the tapering long line effect is sought. Obviously army training brought this series into the postwar world, inasmuch as the fighting men have been whittled down to bone and sinew.

The season's output fabric considered runs to woollens rather than worsteds. There are some nice flannels in the stores and the unfinished worsteds are good if available.

Tweeds and shetlands for single breasted minds are both town and country and very jaunty withal.

Merchants have done remarkable well considering the restrictions placed on them by war and its rigors. Some folks are tenting on the old camp ground and waiting for matters to shape up as they were in the suave days of peace and placidity but they may have quite a wait I'm afraid.

IF the old dinner jacket is so snug that it brings about an attack of acute claustrophobia, think nothing of it. Do not weep or repine. Plenty of other men are caught in the clutch of circumstances.

After resurrecting a dinner suit that was all the rage some ten or twelve years ago, a man surveys himself in the mirror and says with great solemnity: "God's will be done." What else can he do about it?

If he appears on the social circuit thus attired, he will have plenty of company however and that thought in itself is comforting. Many other men in many other places have plunged into the past to rescue the sartorial odds and ends of polite society.

Some of the single breasted models that pinch the waist a bit are fascinating and the occasional reappearance of narrow trouser widths here and there reminds one

of the old electric automobiles that disgorge moth-eaten dandies who refuse to recognize change even though they may have the means to encourage it.

Shirts with armored bosoms are also re-appearing nightly in great numbers all over New York, despite the fact that the current trend calls for something with a soft pleated bosom and attached collar. Even the deadly wing collar is playing a return date, shortening the lives of citizens with several chins. Leaders of cafe society even wear a white oxford shirt.

Not only do the styles for men change but the men themselves undergo startling alterations in a few years. High, round stomachs appear where no eminence existed ten or even five years ago. This leads to some odd engineering feats during the dinner suit renaissance now in progress.

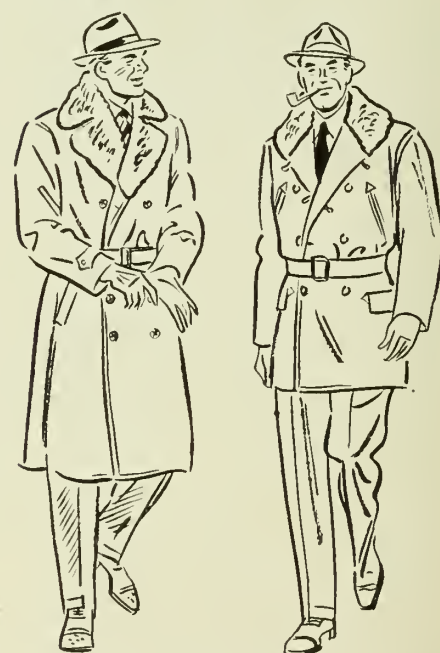
Gentlemen who have outgrown their deluxe play suits stroll off to gala events looking pained and apprehensive, hoping that they will go through the evening without a blow-out.

Citizens who own a midnight blue suit, in the best double breasted manner are elated. They are neither too early nor too late and a double breasted facade can cover a multitude of abdominal sins.

Some of our bloods have always preferred the dead black single breasted suit with the small, neat lapels but they are a minority element.

Current demonstrations prove one thing conclusively. The market for tuxedos is wide open but everywhere the story is the same. Essentials must come first and even after fabrics become available output will be retarded.

Meanwhile the parade of the grotesque indicates that men are striving to make the best impression possible with the means available.



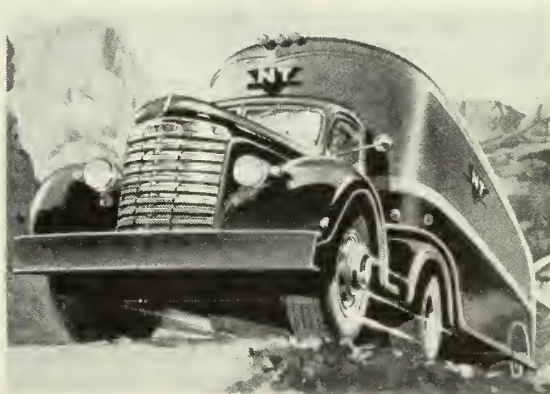
Fur is used in this department



Ask G.I. Joe *about* **GMC Pulling Power**

On every battle front G.I. Joe saw proof of GMC's pulling power. In the South Pacific, in temperatures as high as 130 degrees, GMC "six-by-sixes" hauled huge loads through hub-deep mud and sand. In Europe, GMCs played the leading role on the famous Red Ball Express. In Alaska's ice and snow, Burma's jungles and Italy's mountain trails . . . wherever heavy loads were pulled through heavy going . . . GMC trucks did the job.

G.I. Joe knows about GMC pulling power . . . and what he can tell you is mightily important to truck buyers. For GMC commercial trucks, in all models from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 tons, have engines of the same basic design as their military brothers. They offer the civilian counterpart of the power, performance and stamina demonstrated by nearly 600,000 GMC Army "Workhorses."



THE TRUCK OF VALUE



GASOLINE • DIESEL

Relax WITH A »MARXMAN«

THE PIPE OF RARE DISTINCTION

Men of discernment look for the MARXMAN name on the pipes they buy. It spells mellowness, sweetness, rare smoking qualities. It spells pipes made by skilled craftsmen from selected, aged briar roots . . . into distinctive shapes. Mass production methods are avoided. Each pipe is individually cut, rubbed, and polished.

AT
FINE
STORES

SUPER-BRIAR . . . the briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . the grain heightened to enamel-like smoothness and brilliance by rubbing and polishing. In your favorite shape. **\$5**

BENCH-MADE . . . imported, seasoned briar skillfully carved by hand. This style offers men a grand adventure in sweet, cool smoking!

\$5 \$7.50 \$10
Regular Large Massive



FREE

Interesting booklet for pipe smokers. Tells how to break in a pipe . . . shows how fine pipes are made. Address . . . Desk 28.

»MARXMAN«

29 W. 24TH STREET, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

LET'S NOT REPEAT

(Continued from page 15)

In short, we must know what areas and policies we propose to defend and uphold, and also what force we have on hand or need for these purposes. This is not a fantastic recommendation for the simple reason that members of our Committee, who are charged with appropriating funds for the Army and the Army Air Force, have frequently been kept in the dark concerning these vital matters.

Secondly, the men actually charged with heading our Army, Navy and Air Forces must be allowed to tell their real defense needs to Congressional Committees more frankly than they have been in the past.

Let me illustrate what I mean from personal experience on Capitol Hill:

All through the years of turmoil between World War I and World War II, when we succumbed to unwarranted waves of economy, idealism and depression, successive Chiefs of Staff constantly deplored the unsatisfactory state of our fighting forces in their reports to the Secretary of War. In 1933 General Douglas MacArthur said: "The Army strength in personnel and material and its readiness for war is below the danger line." Six years later, after Hitler's attack on Poland, General Marshall confessed: "The Army is probably less than twenty-five percent ready for immediate conflict."

Strange as it may seem, Generals MacArthur and Marshall were not permitted to voice these same fears before Congressional Committees as a basis for larger appropriations, and the same holds true for spokesmen of the Navy and the Air Forces. Once the Budget Bureau, an Executive agency, has passed upon (and pared) their requests for funds, the military authorities cannot ask for more appropriations than the budgeteers have granted.

On February 21, 1939, General Marshall, while appearing before the Senate Military

Affairs Committee, described the operation and effect of this sort of muzzling. When former Senator Logan of West Virginia pointed out that "Army officers had never made a fight before the Committee for larger appropriations to do those things which should have been done," the Chief of Staff replied:

"May I answer that by saying that these representations have been made in the printed reports of the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff. But when it comes to appearing before the Committee, we are confined to the total amount authorized by the Bureau of the Budget. We have to make our fight there before we come here."

Because of this policy of censorship and secrecy, we legislated in darkness and ignorance in the very years when the dictators were arming for an attack on the democracies.

From 1934 to 1940, inclusive, the War Department submitted budget requests totalling \$3,383,752,985 with the expectation that they would be forwarded to our Committee. But the Budget Bureau reduced the military experts' total to \$3,084,316,144, or a cut of approximately \$300,000,000. If the figures for the 1941 fiscal year are included in this summary, the amount which the Budget Bureau took from the War Department's estimate of its needs reached the amazing total of \$833,927,456. Over this same period our Committee and Congress restored the sum of \$352,588,695. It is pertinent to mention that these reductions were made during the years when Hitler, Mussolini and Japan began to run amuck.

It was not until June of 1944 that I was able to obtain data showing how the War Department's original requests for money had been reduced by the Budget Bureau. Then, of course, the question had only historical interest.

These reductions constituted a definite handicap to the expansion and moderniza-
(Continued on page 38)



Write Jingles for Burma-Shave's Famous Roadside Signs!



WIN \$100 OR MORE!

At least 20 jingles will be purchased at \$100 each from the jingles entered in this contest. No strings attached! *Absolutely nothing to buy!* We want good ad copy and are willing to pay for it!

START JINGLING NOW! A FEW MINUTE'S FUN MAY BRING YOU \$100⁰⁰!



KIND OF JINGLES:

Entries should be two-line jingles worded to fit a series of six roadsigns, the last sign reading "Burma-Shave". Every year the judges select jingles covering each of the following classifications: See examples below:

- A. *Safety While Driving* . . . "Don't take the curve at 60 per, We'd hate to lose a customer, Burma-Shave."
- B. *Humorous, novel or clever* . . . "Political pull may be of use, For razor pull there's no excuse, Burma-Shave."
- C. *Brushless Cream* . . . "Shaving brushes you'll soon see 'em, On the shelf in some museum, Burma-Shave."
- D. *Economy* . . . "Half a pound, half a dollar, Spread on thin above the collar, Burma-Shave."
- E. *For Tough Beards and Tender Skin* . . . "Tho tough and rough from wind and wave, Your cheek grows sleek with Burma-Shave."
- F. *Discourage Substitution* . . . "Substitutes like unseen barter, Often make one sad but smarter, Burma-Shave."

(THESE JINGLES ARE FOR USE IN 1947)

RULES:

1. Each contestant may submit as many jingles as he desires.
2. Write plainly on one side of each sheet of paper. However, as many jingles may be placed on this space as you desire.
3. All entries must be in the hands of the Burma-Vita Company by February 28, 1946.
4. The decisions of the judges will be final, and it will be impossible to carry on correspondence regarding this contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to winners on or about March 30, 1946.
6. A list of the winners will be published in the May, 1946, issues of most contest magazines, or will be mailed out after April 1, 1946, to all people requesting it.

Send As Many Jingles As You Wish . . . You Can Win More Than One Prize!



MAIL ENTRIES TO

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HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

**Selling
HOMELAND
Made-to-measure
CLOTHES**



Not a job— but a business!

Not a "job"—but a business! That's what Homeland has to offer you when you take on the "Homeland" line—America's most famous made-to-measure clothes, sold direct at prices so reasonable that every man you know is a real prospect.

Homeland made-to-measure clothes are nationally known and nationally respected. Every garment is made to the customer's measure and perfect fit is **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED**. You'll find selling such fine clothes pleasant and profitable work—pleasant because you do your customer a real favor by giving him splendid value and service; profitable because you can build a steady increasing business season after season. And you are **IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF**—working where and when you please—full time or part time!

All-wool fabrics. Plenty of new patterns and every suit made to exact measure with a **GUARANTEE** of satisfaction or money back!

Immediate profits. You make a fine profit on every sale—and in addition you make extra profits if you are a good producer. And, because Homeland made-to-measure clothes are sold **DIRECT** from **MAKER** to **WEARER**, the prices are so temptingly low that your friends appreciate it when you show them your line.

Complete outfit free. We furnish you everything you need to start business—including your samples, equipment and kit. We instruct you how to take measurements accurately—we even give you free advertising. Write for details—no cost, no obligation.

Homeland TAILORS, INC.

Call at one of our branch offices

26 Park Place, New York
45 S. 17th St., 2nd Fl., Philadelphia
1410 H St., N.W., Washington, D.C.
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Andrews Building, Court & Pearl Sts.,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Empire Bldg., Washington Blvd. & Clifford St.
Detroit, Michigan

OR WRITE

2500 to 2512 Ashland Ave.
BALTIMORE (3), MARYLAND



"You're new here, aren't you?"

tion of our armed forces. The primary charges against the Army's budget consists of money for pay, food, clothing, supplies, transportation, etc., and those items ate up almost every dollar appropriated during those years. Thus, the extra amounts that were disallowed would have financed experimental construction of Garands, artillery, tanks, armored vehicles, planes and other weapons. Instead, the Army had to live on a hand-to-mouth basis, as successive Chiefs of Staff reported.

Our Committee and Congress, even though we did exceed the Budget Bureau's allocations, would have been far more generous save for the fact, as I have explained, that we were never allowed to know the amounts which the War Department had asked in the first instance. For the same reason the American people had no conception of the need for larger appropriations for defense, even though these might have necessitated higher taxes.

In view of the role which air superiority played in the defeat of the Axis, another example of the effect of withholding the facts from Congress and the people is pertinent. It involves the failure to recognize and act upon trustworthy reports of Nazi Germany's growing strength in the skies. The report came from Major (now Colonel) Truman Smith, who was our military attache at Berlin. On the basis of his surveys of Hermann Goering's accomplishments, he submitted a sensational memorandum to the War Department on November 1, 1937.

It consisted of six pages of written comment and twenty-eight pages of maps and tabulations on German air strength and production capacity. He gave the names and sites of twenty-three factories, and estimated their potential annual output at 6,000 planes. He placed their November, 1937, strength at 1,800 first-class planes, 600 in reserve and an unknown number in depots. Emphasizing that these were conservative estimates, he added:

"Germany is once more a world power in the air. Her air force and air industry have emerged from the kindergarten stage. Full

manhood will be reached within three years . . . In November, 1937, it appears that the development of German air power is a European phenomenon of the first diplomatic importance."

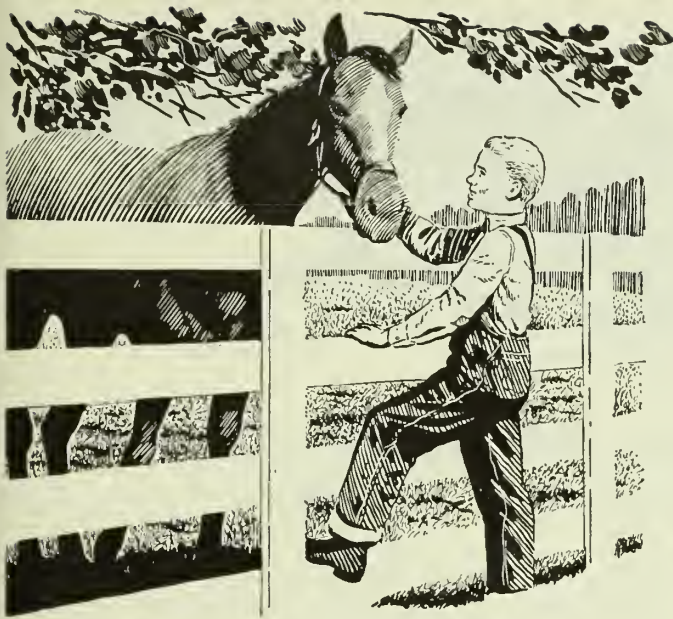
Major Smith predicted that Germany would gain "air technical parity with the United States in 1941 or 1942," thus indicating the date when Hitler might be ready to make war. He added that if this country slowed down on development (industrial, not governmental), "German air superiority will be realized still sooner."

That truly alarming report was pigeonholed; it was not submitted to any Congressional Committee. It was not until the fall of 1942 that I was able to obtain a copy after persistent efforts. However, in the spring of 1939, General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Force, introduced Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to our Committee. He testified for two hours on his inspection of Germany's air establishment and industry, confirming Major Smith's report in every detail. But only two pages of the Lindbergh testimony were allowed to be printed for public consumption.

Meanwhile, for lack of this data, Congress continued to base appropriations for the Army Air Force on the old Baker report, which provided for a total of 2500 planes. Since the life of a plane was then estimated at five years, our annual quota of new machines was only 500. As a result, we had less than 1,000 first-line planes when France surrendered. It was not until after this catastrophe and the Dunkirk evacuation—three years after the warning from our military attache in Berlin—that the required expansion and modernization of our Air Force was authorized.

The third essential military reform which recent history should have impressed upon us, supplementing the need for a substitution of frankness instead of secrecy on these life-and-death subjects, is the permanent maintenance of a balanced and impregnable Army, Navy and Air Force, together with constant research and experimentation on new weapons in our factories and laboratories. Whether we need universal military training or a comparable system is a question which the White House, the Congress and the military experts should decide on the basis of developing conditions throughout the world. However, if we take heed from the lessons we learned between World Wars I and II, there need never be another Pearl Harbor.





The Story of STEWEY and the COLT

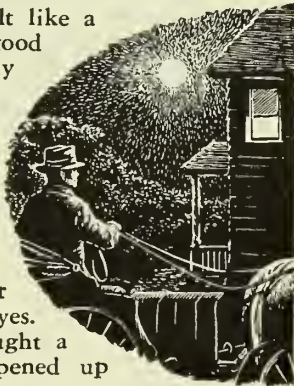
Reading time: 1 minute, 48 seconds

"We lived on a back road in the Blue Grass country of Kentucky. Like everybody down there I was crazy about horses, and finally bought a colt with money I saved hoeing my own patch of tobacco.

"I took care of that colt like a baby and he took mighty good care of me. He got me my early education, taking me daily to the mailbox four miles away for newspapers and magazines and now and then into town where I saw city life.

"I used to read my newspapers and magazines in bed late at night, 'til the doctor made me quit to save my eyes. But just about then Dad bought a second-hand car and that opened up another world for me.

"When I grew too big for the colt I did most of my running around in the old car. That's how I got the urge to really quit the farm for the big city. It was an awful tug when I sold my beloved colt to buy the railroad ticket.



"I didn't know a soul in the city. The landlady warned me about playing poker and such things with her boarders. In a week or so I had two jobs, one working days in a machine shop and the other working nights in a tire factory. I couldn't stand the hours, so got one job taking care of a truck fleet for a dairy.

"I still felt pretty lonesome, so when I met a girl from out of town who was lonesome too, we got married. We talked things over and decided we'd skimp and save and that I'd start going to night school. For years I kept at the books. It was a great day

when I got admitted to the bar, and a still greater one when I hung out my own shingle in the real estate business.

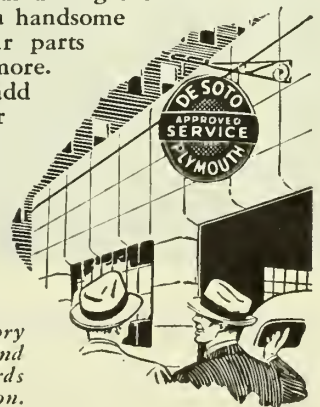


"Ever since I drove Dad's old car I loved automobiles. My silent partner in the real estate business was a successful dealer handling De Soto and Plymouth cars. When he died suddenly I knew that big responsibilities had come to me. I mortgaged everything to hold the automobile business, made real partners out of the bookkeeper, the sales manager and the service manager.

"By 1939 we had our debt under control and our gross sales had reached a million dollars. We had more than twenty salesmen and almost as many mechanics in the service department. As soon as we could we made every faithful employee a partner in the business. We went through the war years without a hitch, doing a big parts and service business and paying off the balance of our debt.

"We're all set now for an exciting future. We've made thousands of new friends during the war years. Our main building is a handsome one, 32,000 square feet; our parts wholesaling place is 10,000 more. Now we're getting ready to add another 20,000 feet to our main building. The other day I stood out in the street and looked at our wonderful set-up and it seemed only yesterday that I sold that colt of mine for the railroad ticket that brought me here"

NOTE: This is another true story of individual effort and enterprise, from the records of the Chrysler Corporation.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION
PLYMOUTH ★ DODGE ★ DE SOTO
CHRYSLER ★ DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT! The Music of Andre Kostelanetz and the musical world's most popular stars—Thursday, CBS, 9 P. M., E. S. T.

KEEP ON BUYING VICTORY BONDS



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Clothes

They Do Something for You

Look smarter... feel smarter... be
better dressed with STYLE-MART.
"NECK ZONE"... exclusive tailoring
feature found ONLY in
STYLE-MART Clothes... is the secret
of the perfect drape, hang and
fit of every STYLE-MART suit.

NECK ZONE



BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Opportunity is knocking for veterans who wish to go into the clothing business and own their own store. The Merit Clothing Company has several extremely interesting opportunities for men who can meet the necessary requirements. For full details and information, get in touch with your Service Officer or write Merit Clothing Company, Mayfield, Ky.

MERIT CLOTHING CO., INC.
MAYFIELD • KENTUCKY



Across the Battle Lines

It was just about a year after General George E. Pickett's famous charge up Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg that the Confederate leader's first child was born. In that charge Pickett had lost 3,393 out of 4,500 men to General Grant's forces. Later, Pickett was to meet Grant at Cold Harbor.

Yet the night that Pickett received word of his son's birth an event occurred that showed a bond between North and South that not even war could sever. Throughout the Confederate camp, bonfires had been

kindled in honor of "The Little General," as the men called the new baby. Then, on the other side of the lines, in the Union camp, another bonfire flared up—lighted at the suggestion of Grant, who had been a couple of classes ahead of Pickett at West Point. While the fires in both camps burned a message came through the lines to Pickett:

"We are sending congratulations to you, to the young mother and the young recruit."

It was signed, Grant, Ingalls, Suckley.

WE'LL BREAK RECORDS

(Continued from page 24)

Australia at the turn of the century, the new crawl stroke which resulted in championship standing for the swimmers from Down Under stimulated great international interest. Slowly supremacy moved across the Pacific to the United States. As a measure of our success we won the majority of swimming championships and the Olympic games of 1920, 1924, and 1928. Earlier we made excellent showings in the 1908 and 1912 games also, but in the aforementioned three sets of games at Antwerp, Paris, and Amsterdam, we were tops. In 1932 we struck our low with the rise of Japanese swimming, but by 1936, at the games in Berlin, we had almost recovered our top position. Naturally we were hoping to win back the international titles through the Olympic championships in 1940, but of course all the boys we had been counting on were in the service on the supreme job. However, many of them are coming back to swimming, and I would like to mention just a few.

IN THE SPRINTS there will be the world's record holder, Alan Ford, the first man to break 50 seconds for the 100 yards (a feat some liken to the four-minute mile.) The national champion Walter Ris; Jerry Kerschner; the former 100-yard world record holder, Bill Prew, Howie Johnson and Takasse Hirose. Such great middle distance stars as Bill Smith, the most outstanding middle distance swimmer the world has ever known; Schlanger, Jack Hill and others. It is to be regretted that Keo Nakama, the great little Hawaiian, has

retired but it looks as though his place will be ably filled by the young sensation, Jimmy McLane, who is now attending Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. If McLane continues to improve and fulfill his promise he may well become the greatest miler and half-miler in the world of swimming. In the backstroke, we have the great Kiefer. Harry Holiday, the only man ever to beat Kiefer, will continue to swim, we hope. In the breaststroke there are two world record holders, Verdeur and Counselman. These two men should give the United States a top position which we have never had in this field of swimming. While some of these men have been swimming at times during the war, they will all, I am sure, be back in the field to give a foundation to a new national team.

The youngsters growing up in the meantime have not been idle. All through the country, and especially in the Middle West, schoolboy swimming is in a very healthy state and has made great advances. As a matter of fact schoolboys during the war years often turned in better times than the college teams. There is no question that areas heretofore almost non-existent in competitive swimming in the United States will make great contributions to team swimming. Schools, colleges and clubs will all expand their programs.

Among colleges I look especially for a great team from the University of Hawaii. Although Hawaii has developed many magnificent aquatic stars the University team has not as yet achieved top rank, but this is quite likely to be changed. S. Sakamoto who developed such a magnificent team on the Island of Maui with the youngsters there, teams which won national titles after

IMPORTANT

To All Who Hope to Fly Their Own Personal Planes by Spring, 1946

WE at Taylorcraft believe in action, not words. The facts are these. *We are delivering Taylorcraft planes in volume—and have been since V-J Day.*

But so great has been the advance demand for side-by-side airplanes at moderate cost that even though Taylorcraft—world's largest builders of side-by-side airplanes—is now in production at a rate unprecedented in all peacetime aviation, still demand exceeds supply.

To insure fairness in distribution, therefore, we have adopted a national policy of allocating one plane per month per 100,000 population in each sales area. Later, as production rises, this quota will be increased.

Meanwhile, priorities will be established on a "first come—first served" basis, in the American way. This applies not only to orders but to requests for information.

To make sure of getting your Taylorcraft at the

earliest possible moment, therefore, we respectfully suggest that you send now for the name of your nearest Taylorcraft dealer—and that you fly this amazingly safe, roomy and comfortable plane without delay. Such a demonstration will show you very quickly why Taylorcraft—backed by years of *pre-war* as well as intensive war experience—is "the No. 1 choice of the experts." For pleasure—for business!

Prompt action *now* will guarantee you against having to take "second choice"—if you want to fly by Spring!

Nash Russ

PRESIDENT



VICTORS! Because you weren't here to place an advance order for your favorite personal plane, we at Taylorcraft have reserved 25% of our entire production for your needs. Just show your discharge papers—and go to the head of the line!



World's Largest Builders of Two and Four Passenger Side-by-Side Airplanes

Write: TAYLORCRAFT AVIATION, Dept. A-L, Alliance, Ohio (Division of Detroit Air-Craft Products, Inc.)



65 H. P.

TAYLORCRAFT Model B-12

(Two Place, Side-By-Side All Purpose Plane)

Wing span	36 feet	Climb (first minute) ..	600 feet
Luggage capacity	50 lbs.	Service ceiling	11,000 feet
Maximum speed	105 m.p.h.	Cruising range	378 miles
Cruising speed	95 m.p.h.	Fuel consumption	23 m.p.g.
Take off (full load)	350 feet	Landing speed	40 m.p.h.

Price: \$2295

(Fly Away Alliance, Ohio)

We will finance your plane for only \$763 down, balance divided in twelve monthly payments.

TAYLORCRAFT IS TAKING ORDERS AND DELIVERING PLANES TODAY

YOUR FIRST STEP

**TOWARD A SOUND,
WELL-PAYING BUSINESS
OF YOUR OWN**



Are you, like many other returning veterans, looking for something more than just a job? Would you like to "run your own show"... to have your income limited only by your own ambition, hard work and good business judgment? Then consider United Motors' plan to help you get established—and succeed—in the automotive service business.

How United Motors will Help You

With a United Motors franchise, you handle service and replacement sales on one or all of these famous *original-equipment* parts: Delco-Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition—Delco Batteries—Delco Hydraulic Brakes—Delco Radios—AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers—Delco Shock Absorbers—Guide Lamps—New Departure Ball Bearings—Klaxon Horns—Hyatt Roller Bearings—Harrison Radiators, Thermostats and Heaters—Inlite Brake Lining.

The leader in the field for more than 20 years, United Motors is glad to share with interested veterans the benefits of its business "know-how"... how much capital you need to start your own service business... how to choose a good location... what equipment and lines you should have to start... how much stock you should carry... how to begin wisely and grow soundly. And, as you grow, you can always depend on United Motors for the best in fast-moving lines, technical information and sales assistance.

New Opportunities in an Established Field

The millions of postwar cars and trucks to come will create great new opportunities in the automotive service field. If this sounds like the sort of "own-boss" business you'd like, take your first step toward it today. Fill in and mail the coupon below for a helpful, personal interview with a United Motors Service distributor. There's no cost, no obligation.

NOTE: Legionnaire veterans of World War I are also urged to fill in the coupon below and obtain this information in the interest of relatives or friends now serving in the armed forces.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Division of General Motors Corporation
General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan

I am interested in United Motors lines. Please arrange a personal interview for me with a United Motors distributor.

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UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



two years of organization and training, has just been appointed coach of the University of Hawaii. Bill Smith, Keo Nakama, Takasse Hirose and a number of other young stars were developed under Sakomoto's coaching.

The organization and training of this Maui club by Sakomoto is a magnificent example of what can be done through leadership, enthusiasm, and cooperation. Shortly after 1936, when we had just missed regaining the International world swimming title at Berlin, Sakomoto became interested in forming a swimming team. Fired with zeal to have Hawaii back in a leading position in swimming in the United States and also in the world, Sakomoto and his proteges banded themselves together with an enthusiasm almost unheard of. They even used an irrigation ditch for much of their training. It paid off. Soon they were winning national championships. In freestyle swimming, especially, these swimmers were the outstanding competitors in the world.

I think we are going to see more of this kind of enthusiasm in our national swimming in the postwar period. Swimming will develop in many parts of our country which have had very little swimming heretofore. In the international picture, Olympic games will quite likely be held in 1948, if reports coming from recent international meetings in London are any indication. Where they will be held is still to be voted on, and several European and United States cities have issued invitations to the Committee.

Before World War II the United States was battling hard with Japan to regain a championship lost in 1932 in Los Angeles. There was also good competition from the Europeans, especially Germans, Hungarians, English and Scandinavians. Whether any competition will be forthcoming from these sources remains to be seen, but reports from Russia indicate that the Russians have made great strides in their swimming as well as in other sports.

They have recently been invited to join the International Olympic Association, and it will be a wonderful thing for the athletes



"Twillis is a bit of a fresh-air fiend."

of the United States to have the competition of the Russians in these great international meetings. In almost every instance they have topped the European records. They have come close to world records in many events, and in breaststroke swimming they have beaten present world records.

In the 100 and the 200-meter breaststroke events, S. Boichenko set world records when he swam the first in 1:05.4 and the second in 2:29.8.

Sports the world over received a splendid impetus after World War I, and there is reason to believe that there will be a further spread in interest and performance after World War II.

Competitive athletics have much to offer. We have read and heard the virtues of sports without end until it borders on platitude, but the fact nevertheless remains that competitive athletics, especially for the young person in the formative years gives a satisfaction and a wholesome outlook on life to be gained in few other activities. An emotional conditioning of great value is one of the prime assets of competitive athletics.

Everyone who has competed can look back with satisfaction on some episode or series of episodes in a competitive career that stay with him always. I am minded of the experience of a team which I was associated with in recent years which indicates the emotional tension accompanying a contest and the satisfaction to be derived from such an experience.

This team was about to compete in a meet which was to decide a national championship. The interest, of course, was tremendous. The team was traveling a considerable distance for the meeting; in fact this team left the home base 48 hours beforehand. The first workout on arrival was without incident, but as is the case with visiting players the unfamiliar locale aroused considerable apprehension, so that the boys were in an appropriate state of mind to be upset most any moment. The first of a series of incidents that bothered them was having a chicken bone get caught in their captain's throat at the first luncheon, whereat his teammates blanched and looked as though the world was going to end. Fortunately the orders of the doctor to take several swallows of water solved that situation. However, this was nothing compared with the conversation at breakfast the following morning when I was regaled with accounts of the most lurid dreams my swimmers suffered. They had dreamed of one disaster after another in the races ahead, and morale was at a low ebb.

However, in the actual contest our team turned in the greatest swimming win in the history of their institution and all ended happily.

As I said before everyone who has ever competed in athletics earnestly and with purpose has enjoyed a rich and varied emotional experience of great benefit, satisfaction, and enjoyment.

Unchanged

For a Hundred Years

TODAY AS ALWAYS...

a great Kentucky Straight Whiskey



THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Among those things on which a man can depend absolutely — count the enduring *quality* of Old Crow. Unchanged for more than a century, it remains — year in, year out — the finest straight whiskey that Kentucky can possibly give you.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS

Bottled-in-Bond



"IF IT'S GOOD for the boys IT'S A JOB for the Legion"

Most people know the great work done by the Legion for American youth—the many organizations it sponsors, the baseball clubs it supports, the welfare movements it promotes. Its fight against juvenile delinquency is nationwide and vigorous. And it is winning.

That's why we call the attention of all you Legionnaires to the TWO competitions listed below. You must know boys who would welcome this chance to prove their skills. All boys between the ages of 12 and 19 inclusive are eligible if they reside in the United States. Here are the awards:

\$75,000

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Here are the two competitions:

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In both competitions the following regulations will prevail. Boys 12 years old, or older, but not yet 16 by September 1, 1945, compete in the Junior Division. Boys 16 years old, or older, and not yet 20 on September 1, 1945, compete in the Senior Division. All boys within these age limits are eligible to Guild Membership. There are no dues or entrance fees of any kind. Each member shall receive, without charge, an official Guild Membership card and button, and a full set of Guild drawings and instructions. Both competitions close July 15, 1946, and are open to all boys within the age limits, including the sons of General Motors employees. In all cases where the son of a General Motors employee qualifies for an award, duplicate awards will be made.

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Dept. 36

THE WATCH

(Continued from page 22)

When Hans saw the watch, he asked if he could return it to you, and the American officer gave him permission," she said.

Once more the heavy brows rose in surprise. "The American officer did that? That's unusual for his kind, isn't it?" he asked.

Maria bit her lower lip before she answered. "I think we may have had the wrong impression about them," she replied slowly.

The old man shook his head again. It was hard for him to keep track of all these things.

Seeing that he wanted to be alone with his thoughts, Maria left him quietly, almost before he could deliver an inadequate thanks that put into expression only a tiny fraction of the gratitude he felt in his heart.

Employing the same tenderness with which he had picked up the watch, Johann carried it to his small living quarters in the rear of the store. He sat down in the worn upholstered rocking chair and leaned back, closing his eyes as he reviewed all that had happened.

SWARMS OF GERMAN soldiers entered Linz only a few days before, adding to the excitement and fear of the civilians. The military warned the inhabitants that the Americans were nearing the opposite bank of the Rhine, which flowed only a few miles to the west of the town.

Some of the people packed their few belongings and fled to the east, but Johann didn't think it worth-while to leave. He was an old man and didn't have much to live for anyway. His wife was dead for many years, and Carl had followed her. His business was old and almost gone, like himself. He decided to finish his days in Linz, where at least he had his surroundings to remind him of happier days.

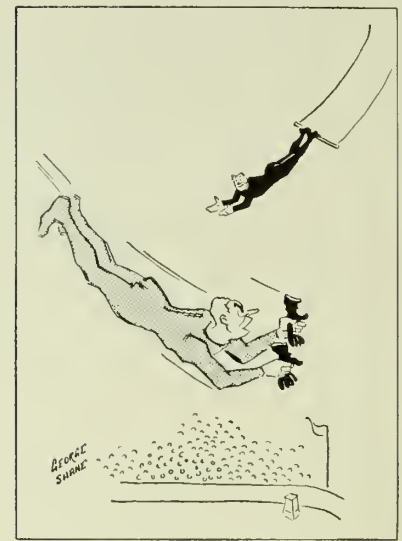
The military hadn't bothered with him either—that is, all except the *leutnant*. Johann was too old to serve in a work party. He was left to take care of himself and go about his own business, until the *leutnant* came.

The watchmaker had no trouble remembering the morning it happened. It was early on the day the Americans captured the bridge.

Johann knew by the way the door was slammed that the arrogant young officer had a very good opinion of himself. With hard heels clicking a contemptuous staccato the newcomer strode to the counter and demanded attention.

At first Johann feared that he was to be called for a work party after all, but this was business. Yes, it was business—of a sorry sort.

"I want a wrist watch, and I must have a good one because of my position," the



"You and your practical jokes!"

officer said in a peremptory manner, looking about the shop.

"Believes he's a Prussian lord," the old man thought to himself. "I'm sorry, *Herr Leutnant*. I have no wrist watches," Johann replied, waving his hand in a sweeping gesture over the almost empty showcase which held nothing but a small assortment of cheap pocket watches.

The officer smiled scornfully. "I'm not so foolish to think that you would have good watches on display. You watchmakers always have a few good ones hidden away somewhere. Come now. Get one of them for me," he said knowingly.

Johann shook his head. "I'm sorry, *Herr Leutnant*. I have none," he murmured.

Angrily the customer slammed his fist on the wooden edge of the counter. "Don't be stubborn," he said in a loud voice. "I must have a wrist watch. Mine was lost yesterday, and I can't be without one."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry? You are not. You're like the rest of the civilians. With the coming of those American and English dogs, you fail to help your own countrymen." He paused, then added ominously, "I want a good wrist watch, and I want it at once. Either you get one from wherever you are hiding them, or I'll search them out for myself."

Johann began to get afraid. He had no watch for this insistent soldier. He hadn't hoarded his stock. The good watches had sold quickly, and there were no replacements. All his business had been repair work for many months. He glanced at the handful of watches that were awaiting his skilled craftsmanship now.

The *leutnant* followed his glance with narrowed eyes. He stomped behind the counter and inspected the few watches lying there in various states of repair. He fingered one, then turned away. "There's nothing but junk here," he said disgustedly.

He surveyed the limited store space. Then he saw the door leading to the

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watchmaker's living quarters. Quickly he entered the small room.

By the time Johann's rheumatic legs carried him to the threshold of his quarters, the *leutnant* had scattered the nick nacks on top of the ancient bureau and was holding Carl's watch in his hand.

Turning toward the old man, the *leutnant* said in the same overbearing manner, "I thought you had no wrist watches."

"But I haven't. That is, I have none to sell. The watch you're holding belonged to my son, Carl, who was killed in Russia two years ago. They sent it back to me. It's all I have to remember him by," the old man explained falteringly. He didn't like the look on the officer's face. He was afraid. This was wrong, all wrong!

The *leutnant* wound the watch and shook it. "Does it run?" he asked, ignoring the pleading tone in the old man's voice.

"Yes, it runs, but—" the watchmaker began, only to have the officer cut him short.

"Yes, it runs, but—" he repeated mockingly. Then he continued in a smoother tone of voice, "I know what you're going to say. You're going to tell me that I can't have your precious keepsake."

Without waiting for a reply, he went on talking. "Well, I *must* have the watch. This is no time for sentimentality. Good watches are scarce, and those that are available must be kept in use." He walked past the shopkeeper and headed for the outer door.

With legs that hadn't hastened in years the old man broke into a half-run to catch up with him. "I beg of you to listen to me, *Herr Leutnant*," he said imploringly.

The officer stopped at the door. "What is it? Do you want money? Surely you're not going to charge me for a mere keepsake. You should be happy that your watch is in the service of the Reich again." He strapped the timepiece on his wrist as he talked. "It fits my wrist well. It is a good watch, and I compliment you, shopkeeper."

Johann tried again as the officer buttoned a field coat whose tailored lines were almost lost in the signs of heavy wear. "May I have just one moment, please, *Herr Leutnant*?"

"I have no spare moments. I am an Army engineer, and I have work to do. I am preparing to destroy the Rhine bridge. My men are placing the dynamite charges now," the officer told him with crisp self-importance.

As the young man turned to leave, Johann reached out and clutched his sleeve.

Furiously the *leutnant* struck him a back-handed blow across his lined face, sending him reeling back. His stumbling feet couldn't keep pace with his thin body, and he fell heavily, striking his head against the base of the counter. He didn't even hear the *leutnant* slam the door.

Johann didn't know how long he lay on the floor, but it couldn't have been such a long time. He arose and walked slowly to

the little living room, where he applied a cold towel to the back of his aching head.

Despite the pain he managed to do a bit of work on Henry Schumann's clock before they came with the news that the Americans had crossed the bridge.

There was plenty of noise and fury after that, until finally the German soldiers were forced to abandon the town. They were boiling with wrath because the bridge had not been destroyed by the engineers.

Maria told him about it. "Something went wrong," she said. The bridge should have been blown up at four o'clock. All the dynamite was wired to the steel and concrete by the sweating demolition crew hurrying to beat the racing Americans.

It was known that the Americans would reach the bridge shortly after four o'clock. In order to allow as many retreating Germans as possible to cross the Rhine to safety, the bridge was to be kept in operation until that minute. Then the charges would be set off.

But the charges never were ignited. While the men awaited their *leutnant's* signal, a column of vehicles was seen approaching the other side of the span. It came rolling across, slowly at first, then gathering momentum.

The *leutnant* must have looked at his newly acquired watch and then decided that the nearing formation was German.

Soon the column was close to the east bank, rolling on in a welter of dust. Suddenly the leading vehicle opened fire on the men only a short distance from them. The waiting soldiers fell on all sides as the tanks and trucks finished their journey across the bridge and began fanning out.

The Germans who weren't killed fled frantically while more and more Americans came across. And the bridge remained intact.

That was what happened, the old man thought. Now the bridge still lived, but the *leutnant* who would have destroyed it was dead. The officer would never know what Johann had been trying to tell him early that morning—that Carl's wrist watch was badly in need of a cleaning and lost two minutes or more every hour because of its condition.



"It's growing light, sweet, you'll have to go. See you next winter."



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INLET FISHING

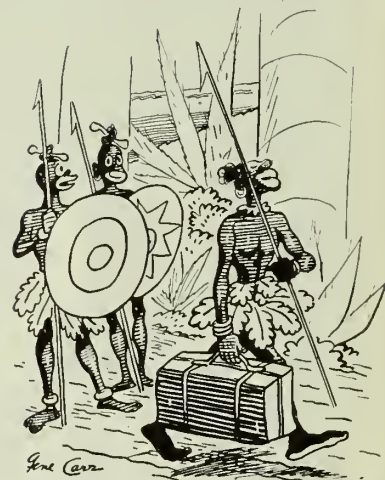
(Continued from page 23)

when held before one's face. Disregarding the mosquitoes, I leaned against the railing and watched the show. The waters of the Indian River are phosphorescent and each moving fish left behind it a streak of blue fire. Never could I have imagined that any waters could hold as many fish as I saw that night—layer upon layer, thousands, millions of them, legion in variety. The slash of a game fish through a school of mullet was more striking than the most elaborate fireworks display.

Our standard equipment for brackish-water fishing consisted of a stout casting rod, a quadruple-multiplier reel, 18- and 24-pound test lines, an assortment of bass plugs of both floating and underwater varieties, a few rugged bait hooks, and some half-ounce sinkers. The casting rods were short and fairly stiff, meant for just this style of fishing.

The Florida sea trout, a first cousin to our Northern weak-fish, makes brackish-water fishing very much worthwhile. A great deal of our fishing was done from bridges, docks, and jetties, casting our plugs and trusting to luck that we could derrick our catches up to our lofty perch. A sea trout is not a little fussy about the action of a plug. Straight retrieving, at uniform speed, leaves him unconcerned. Knowing this, the Florida fishermen have developed the "jerk-turn" method of plug fishing for sea trout and that is definitely something else again. Maybe we'd best go into that more thoroughly.

For sea-trout casting we found that any standard red-and-white plug would do the trick. You know the kind—white body and bright red head. Just aft of center, on the bottom of the plug, we would bore a small hole. Then, inside this small opening we would scoop out enough wood to make a cavity larger than its entrance. Into this, using a metal funnel to protect the outside finish, we would pour melted lead. This treatment gave us a sinking plug which had the virtue of being tail-heavy. Standing on dock, jetty or bridge, we would cast these plugs as far as we could heave them, either straight out or along the side of the dock or jetty so that the retrieve would bring the plug back to us close to the pilings. After waiting a moment for the plug to sink, we would begin the jerk-turn retrieve. First the rod tip is snapped down smartly, causing the plug to dart through the water. The slack line thus created is taken up with three turns of the reel handle and then the process is repeated. Jerk—turn, turn, turn; jerk—turn, turn, turn; that's about the timing. Between jerks the tail-heavy plug sinks back to the bottom, tail first, only to jump up and forward again. In good sea trout water the results often are astonishing. Of course there are many baits which will take sea trout, but



"He wrote to **WE THE PEOPLE** and they cabled him to come ahead"

my choice is the red-and-white, tail-heavy plug.

When choosing sea trout water, try, if possible, to find a rock pile. Rock piles are not numerous in Florida but if you look around you will find concrete or mason-work jetties and breakwaters and these are natural concentration points for sea trout. Next best, of course, are the pilings of bridges and docks.

Another old friend (for which the native Floridian has little use) is the crevalle or jack. To one who is used to the comparatively leisurely pace of a fresh-water bass or trout, these speedsters are unbelievably fast. The crevalle likes a top-water plug (color is unimportant) which is fast-moving—the faster the better. We fished for them from bridges where we had plenty of latitude. The game went about like this: stand well back from the railing, to insure against a broken rod tip, and, with a full side-arm swing, cast the plug high and just as far as you can throw it. Before the plug strikes the water, start trotting along near the railing, rod held erect, and reeling as you go. Be sure to have a firm grip on the reel handle. This combined effort of trotting and reeling causes the plug to skip across the surface of the water and that is made to order for Mr. Jack. The strike of one of these fish to a fast-moving plug is something which you won't forget in a hurry.

Florida inlets and passes are notorious places for catching fish. During World War I, I was assigned to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida. Now and then we used to borrow a boat and row across the bay to the inlet opposite Fort Barrancas. A sea trout plug cast into the racing waters of this inlet was apt to produce most anything in the way of thrills. Mostly we caught large sea trout but now and again we would tie into something really heavy. One thing a man must learn about inlet or pass fishing is to make up his mind—without delay—whether or not

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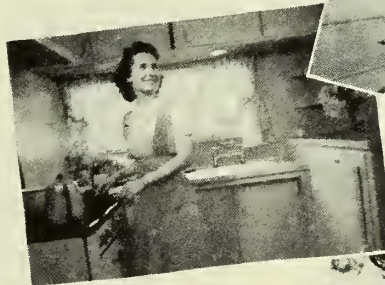
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he is licked. Often we hooked fish so large that we knew we couldn't possibly land them on fresh-water gear. So we faced facts, lost as little tackle as possible under the circumstances, and re-rigged to try again.

Another famous inlet, this one on the Florida East coast, is Sebastian Inlet, directly east of the town of Sebastian. This is an artificial affair, cut through by the government to allow the fish to come into the quieter waters to spawn. Twice a day Sebastian Inlet swarms with fish. The rest of the time it is comparatively empty. Just after low-tide slack water, the fish begin to move in. It is an interesting sight to see these waters come to life. Along the shores, in waters which had been empty ten minutes previously, swim the schools of mullet. One throw of the cast net will bring you more bait than you can begin to use. Farther out the sea trout, jack and snook are busy with their feeding, driving through the schools of bait fish and churning the water to foam.

It doesn't make much difference what you throw onto these troubled waters. The feeding fish will strike anything that moves and looks even faintly edible. While your fresh-water rod and reel will serve you, heavy lines—24 pounds test and upwards—are the order of the day.

Where the water is not too salt, the large-mouth bass come down from the fresh-water rivers and live in the bays and bayous. Most any river mouth along the Florida coast will give you some splendid bass fishing. This is true also of the coastal waters of Georgia and the Carolinas. Currituck Sound of North Carolina and the waters west of Kitty Hawk near Nags Head abound with large-mouth bass. Only last year a friend and I took more than a hundred of these battlers, all of which rose to a fly-rod bass bug. I hasten to add that every single bass was returned to the water, a bit sadder and a lot wiser. The Southern large-mouth is apt to be a trifle sluggish in the warm-water lakes, but

brackish water seems to give him new life and vigor. These fish are well worth catching.

But these are only a few of the game fish that live in the coastal waterways. Channel bass (the Florida "red fish") are in the sloughs and the passes, ladyfish and blue runner invade the brackish water in hordes when the food supply is plentiful, to the great detriment of light tackle and tender hands. Farther South small tarpon are found in the river mouths and drainage canals. Off Key West, on the sand flats around the tiny keys, there are bone fish. Tricky fishing, but well worthwhile. And for the bait fishermen the drum and sheepshead are to be had most anywhere. Even the lowly blowfish will give you the finest dish that is to be found in Southern waters. As I say, the surface barely has been scratched.

You will note that I have used the past tense a great deal in the foregoing. That is because I have not fished these waters for some years. However, my friends have done so and their reports confirm my opinion.

In addition, my son was stationed at Vero Beach in the summer of 1945. Having heard my tales of the fishing nearby, he made a trip to the Banana River bridge—that's the one at Cocoa where I had my troubles with the crevalle. He rented some tackle and went fishing. Somewhat to my embarrassment when I heard of it, he took his catch and sold it to one of the fish houses. In that catch were a seven-pound sea-trout and a nine-pound jack. Things don't seem to have changed much in the brackish water with the passing years.

In these days of tackle scarcity, don't worry about not being able to purchase a salt-water outfit if you intend to go South this winter. For big-game fishing in the Stream, the charter boats have tackle for you. Between times, use your fresh-water tackle in the bayous and coastal waterways. Believe me, you have many surprises in store for you.



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Good Taste since 1851, when
Sitting Bull was little more than
a papoose.*



UNDER THE BLUFF

(Continued from page 13)

The sergeant stirred at nooning and went down for a drink, the three trappers surreptitiously watching him. He came back and sat cross-legged with his pipe.

"Been in the Black Hills?"

The oldest trapper nodded, and the sergeant said, "Bad there now," and he began a story. The oldest trapper had a story of his own to tell, and the sun crawled west while they talked.

"I remember when I was a rooky," said the sergeant, and indicated Miles Matchlack with the slightest gesture. "I went over the hill. They used a whip for punishment in those days. But runnin's no good. A man always feels ashamed when he runs."

The oldest trapper said nothing. The sun dropped low and the yellowness of the world began to die. The sergeant rose and rummaged bits and pieces of wood for a fire, and cooked his meal and, by a gesture, shared it with Miles Matchlack. The trappers quietly made their own supper and coolness washed through Miles, not from the day but from the steady brightness of the old trapper's eyes and the soft shifting of the younger pair toward their guns. The sergeant scrubbed his frying pan and stowed his gear, and tightened his cinches and brought the horse about.

"Now then," said the sergeant, "It's a long walk, Miles."

Miles swung around and rebellion stiffened his legs. The oldest trapper's voice came at him. "You don't need to go back."

"Yes," said the sergeant. "He's shamed, like I was—and it won't leave him till he goes back."

"No," said the oldest trapper, "he don't need to." The fire was a ruby glow on the sand; he crouched by and he waited. The younger trappers sat deeper in the shadows. They had turned about, their guns loosely held, and the firelight touched their eyes.

"Foolish," said the oldest trapper, speaking with neither regret nor anger.

The sergeant's body grew smaller before Miles but the sergeant's face contained a patience, and then he knew the sergeant would not give. The sergeant's horse stirred and the sergeant turned with the horse until his yellow chevrons made a distinct outline in the growing darkness.

The sergeant said: "The lad won't fire at me, and I'll not fire at him."

"There's still three shots you'll get," pointed out the oldest trapper.

"Not that many. I can figure on hittin' one of you first."

"Still leaves two shots," said the oldest trapper.

"Maybe," said the sergeant.

There was no more said; there was nothing more to say. A coyote barked in the distance and the river's current rubbed louder upon its shore. The sergeant was



"He doesn't work—he collects royalties on 'The Flight of the Bumblebee'."

still, the trappers were motionless and night rushed in and young Miles, looking upon this scene, knew that the end of it would come in one more moment. Nobody could stand that strain. He had his eyes on the oldest trapper but he saw one of the younger men move—or he thought he saw it—and he clapped his hand on his own revolver butt with noise enough to wake the dead and hauled it down on the oldest trapper.

"Who you aimin' at?" asked the oldest trapper. Scorn rustled in his words.

"You," said Miles.

"You goin' back with him?" he asked

"Of course," said the sergeant. "Didn't you know he was?"

The oldest trapper shrugged his shoulders, staring at Miles. "Up to you," he said. "Put that damn thing down." He turned toward the fire and then the tension was gone and wilfulness no longer whirled around Miles Matchlack's head. The quarrel was ended. The sergeant stepped into his saddle and turned to the bluff. He called back to the trappers, "Luck," and motioned Miles to come along. Young Miles, stepping beside the sergeant's horse, heard the oldest trapper's voice answer: "Same to you." Then the two of them, the sergeant and Miles, were on the prairie floor, pointing northward through a night that had no boundaries save for the dimmest stars.

"We'll say you got drunk," said the sergeant, "and that'll save you a general court. You'll get thirty days, but that won't be bad. The first year's always tough."

Miles Matchlack said: "You couldn't of fought them, sarge. You'd lost."

The sergeant's humor, more than a smile but less than an outright laugh, came down to Miles. "You got the uniform and so have I. You wouldn't turn against me and take part with those civilians. They didn't know that. Neither did you. But you know it now. That's why soldierin' will be an easier thing for you than it was before."

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FARMING'S THE LIFE

(Continued from page 31)

and a varying amount of investment, a careful study of Department of Agriculture literature is imperative for the prospective farmer.

A particularly interesting and informative pamphlet, which every veteran should read, is entitled "Shall I Be A Farmer" and can be obtained on request and without charge from the Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C. This pamphlet discusses various types of farming enterprises, the difficulties each may involve and the income that each normally produces.

Based on extensive research by agencies of the Department of Agriculture, the pamphlet points out that the veteran who expects to go into truck farming should know that a small family can only hope to manage a few acres and that these acres must be rich and highly productive. He must also know that such farming is most exacting, that his crops must mature at the right season, that his perishables must reach the market at just the right time and that his acreage will probably cost him a great deal of money. He must, therefore, be prepared to be both a specialist and a hard worker.

The man who plans to undertake poultry farming must know that it will take from 1500 to 2000 hens to provide him with a living. He also has to know that while this type of farming may only require 10 to 30 acres of land, there must be good drainage and he must be sure that its sanitary conditions are just right. He must also realize that while he needs only a relatively small amount of money for land, he must be prepared for a large investment in buildings and other structures.

The veteran who plans to go into fruit growing must also be prepared for a fairly large investment and must be able to carry himself for several years before he can hope to have a good producing orchard. He must know that this type of farming requires a high degree of scientific knowl-

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edge and that income from fruit growing is often less steady than it is from other types of farming.

The man who plans to turn to dairy farming should be aware of the fact that he is selecting one of the more stable types of farming, and that while income from this type of farming is moderate, it is relatively regular and dependable. A man who undertakes such farming must be prepared to meet sanitation standards set by health officials and must have the necessary money needed to set up good barns, milk houses and sanitary equipment.

Those who plan on wheat farming as a means of livelihood must be prepared for a heavy investment in tractors, harvestors, etc., and must have some skill in handling machinery. They must be aware that wheat farming requires very hard work during a few months of the year and relatively little work during the other months. For that reason, they must be ready to supplement their income from dairy cows, beef cattle, sheep or poultry.

The veteran who plans to run a cattle or sheep ranch must be prepared to work in rigorous climates where neighbors are few and where many of the modern conveniences of a settled community may be lacking. He must also be prepared for a large investment in live-stock, equipment and land.

When the prospective farmer has considered the various factors which go to make up the type of farming he plans to undertake, and has decided that his training, background and ability equip him for his task, he may then begin to consider

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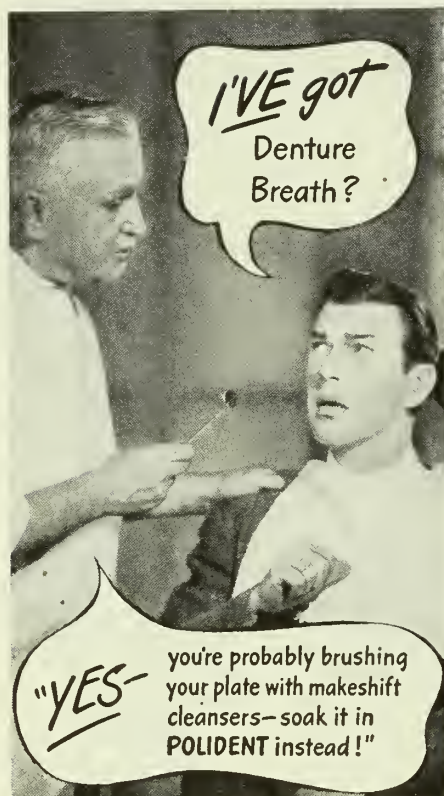
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how to obtain the necessary money with which to finance his venture.

Most veterans are aware, of course, that the GI Bill of Rights provides for farm loans guaranteed by the government. Many, however, do not realize that in addition to the loans which they can get under the GI Bill, they can also get help via loans from the Farm Security Administration.

While some may know that they are entitled to a \$2000 guarantee from the government if they borrow \$4000 from a bank or loan agency, they probably do not have any idea where they can get additional cash for other farm needs. The FSA loans supply the answer to this problem. FSA loans, what they may be used for, and the circumstances under which they are granted will be discussed in greater detail later in this article.

For the moment, let us consider the more important aspects of the GI Bill of Rights and how to get such loans approved:

First, the GI Bill of Rights does not set any ceiling on the size of the loan a veteran can get from his bank or loan company. That is entirely a matter for the bank and the veteran to decide between themselves. The only restriction in the law is on the amount of the government's guarantee—and that is set at 50 percent of a loan up to a maximum guarantee of \$2000. Thus, if the veteran decides he needs only \$3000, the government will guarantee 50 percent of the loan, or, \$1500. The interest on a GI Bill of Rights loan can not exceed 4 percent per year and the veteran must repay the loan within 20 years. Congress may soon extend this to 35 years.

Second, to be eligible for a loan guarantee, a veteran has to be able to show that he was not dishonorably discharged, that he has had at least 90 days of service after September 16, 1940, and before World War II officially ended. The official end of the war for this purpose is not VJ-Day, but whatever date Congress may

set. As World War I vets well remember, the official end of that war did not come until July, 1921. Those few World War II vets who had less than 90 days of service can only get in on the loan benefits if they can show that they were discharged because of a service-connected disability.

Third, the general rule is that the Veterans' Administration will only OK a farm loan if a veteran can show that the money will be used to buy land, buildings, livestock, equipment, machinery or farm implements. If the veteran already owns a farm, he can get a loan approved if he needs the money to repair, alter or improve his farm buildings or equipment.

After these factors have been established, the veteran must be ready to convince the bank and the government that he has a "reasonable likelihood of success" as a farmer, and that the price he is paying is not out of line with the normal value of the property. When the veteran is able to convince the Veterans' Administration that the price is, in fact, the "reasonable normal value" of the property, which may prove a difficult thing to do with present inflated land values, he can turn his attention to the problem of equipping his farm.

While the GI Bill of Rights makes it easier for the ordinary man with little or no cash to buy his own farm, it does not provide for numerous types of farm needs which also require ready cash. One important defect of the GI Bill is its failure to provide cash for operating credit. In many instances, a lack of such credit may spell disaster for the new farmer before he can get started.

It is at this point that many veterans will find it advisable to turn to the Farm Security Administration for the additional money needed to put their farms in good working order. Since the maximum loan guarantee under the GI Bill is only \$2000, the veteran may only count on \$4000 via that law, or, just about enough to buy a



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farm in most parts of the United States. If the farm is not fully equipped, or its equipment needs replacing, the veteran would be handicapped without FSA help.

In some cases, a veteran can even count on a direct loan from the FSA for the entire purchase price of his farm. If the veteran already owns a farm, he can also get FSA aid toward making repairs and improvements on his property. The only limit on FSA loans is the average value of farms in the county where the veteran's property is located. In any case, no matter how valuable property in a particular county may be, no FSA loan may be for more than \$12,000.

There is, however, one important hitch in regard to FSA loans that must be kept in mind. Congress originally intended that these loans should only be used to help tenant-farmers, and with that in mind, set a ceiling on the funds allocated for loans in each state. The amount each state is allocated is based on the number of tenant-farmers within the boundaries of that state. This, of course, means that few, if any, such loans can be granted in most Northern states where little tenant farming exists.

The veteran who seeks help from the FSA must be able to show that he has had actual farming experience or sufficient agricultural school training to manage a farm on his own. Since FSA loans are passed on by a committee of farmers who live in the community where the farm is located, the veteran must also be able to convince them of his experience in order to swing a loan from the FSA.

Another important thing to remember is that while GI Bill loans must be obtained from banks, loan companies or other commercial sources, FSA loans are made directly by the government. While a bank or loan company must, of necessity, be very careful about okaying a loan and must be convinced that the veteran is a sound commercial risk, the FSA can consider other factors. For that reason, it often grants loans to individuals who cannot establish sufficient credit at reasonable interest rates from commercial sources.

The FSA loans are issued for various purposes and have various pay-off periods. For example, FSA Rural Rehabilitation Loans, which can be granted for buying seed, feed, farm machinery, livestock, tools, work stock and preliminary family needs may be repaid in five years at an interest rate of 5 percent. Such loans range from amounts as low as \$100 to a general maximum of \$1500. In some exceptional cases, as much as \$2500 can be granted to an individual borrower.

Another type of FSA loan, the Farm Ownership Loans, may be paid off in up to 40 years at 3 percent interest. These loans, unlike ordinary bank loans, provide for variable payments. Thus, a farmer can make larger payments in good years and

lesser payments in lean ones. In this way, a farmer-borrower can tie his loan money needs to farm prices.

In addition to providing the cash which a farmer-veteran needs, the FSA also provides on-the-farm guidance on an individual basis through its supervised loans. These loans offer help to borrowers in planning their farms on an efficient basis with the help of modern farm methods. This training is given on the veteran's own farm by supervisors skilled in sound farm methods. This type of help is not forced on a borrower but is available to the wise farmer who doesn't pretend to know all the answers. All such training is geared entirely to the needs of the individual farmer and the particular type of land he is farming.

In general, FSA loans to be used in buying a farm are not granted to applicants unless they are unable to get satisfactory credit from other sources than the FSA. This rule also applies to veterans, excepting in those cases where the veteran's past experience is so limited that he cannot make good as a farmer without supervision of the type provided by the FSA. In that case, he becomes eligible for an FSA loan even though he might be able to swing a loan from some other source. This rule should be of great help to the veteran who has had little or no real experience.

Farming experts suggest that veterans take their time about buying a farm of their own. They suggest that those without previous on-the-farm experience try their hand at farm work for about a year before investing in farm land.

If the desire to own a farm is not diminished after a year of farm work, the veteran can risk his money with the knowledge that he has picked a suitable way of life—one that really suits him even though he understands its difficulties.

The experts also recommend that veterans beware of tackling run-down farm properties. They point out that many new farmers are often carried away with an urge to pioneer run-down farms and end up in bankruptcy. They recommend that the new farmer settle in a well established, good farming community where those who did the pioneering are making a success of farming.

As the GI Bill of Rights now stands, a veteran has lots of time to pick and choose

John B. Greenland, the ex-GI whose farm was chosen to illustrate this article, is a member of Wilson Patton Post, Port Matilda, Pennsylvania. He says his main outside interests are movies, Legion meetings, hunting and music. His 73-acre farm is located on RFD #1, Port Matilda.



before closing a farm deal. The GI Bill loans will be available to veterans for at least two years after they are discharged or two years after the "official" termination of the war, whichever happens to be later.

One question above all must be considered by the prospective farmer—can he hope to make a living as a farmer? Whether a veteran will or will not make a living depends on how much he pays for the farm, how much cash his farm products can be expected to bring and how much of his debt he will have to repay each year.

Generally, farm income can be divided into two definite categories; cash income and the value of food produced on the farm for home use. If the two equal a farmer's "cash operating expenses" and his "cash needed for paying off loans and family needs" he is making a go of his farm. If not, he is facing foreclosure.

On a strict dollar and cents basis, the odds are all against a new farmer making anything more than a modest return on his investment, but the hard worker who hasn't overpaid for his farm, and who has a farm big enough for his needs, should be able to stay ahead of the game.

Finally, here are a few facts about GI Bill of Rights loans which every veteran should remember:

First, a veteran may locate his farm wherever he pleases so long as he sticks to the United States, its territories or possessions.

Second, regulars, selectees, enlisted men and officers are all equally entitled to the benefits of the law.

Third, there are no restrictions on the size of the farm which may be set up; the type of farming which may be undertaken; or a veteran and a non-veteran running a farm together.

Fourth, two or more veterans can form a partnership and combine their GI Bill loans to buy a really large farm.

Fifth, the farm must be personally directed and operated by the veteran and may *not* be turned over to a tenant-farmer to run.

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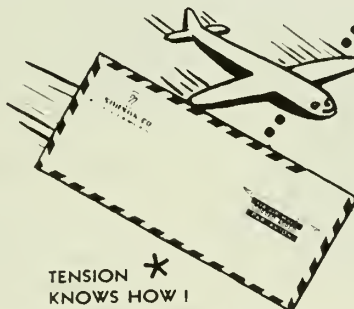
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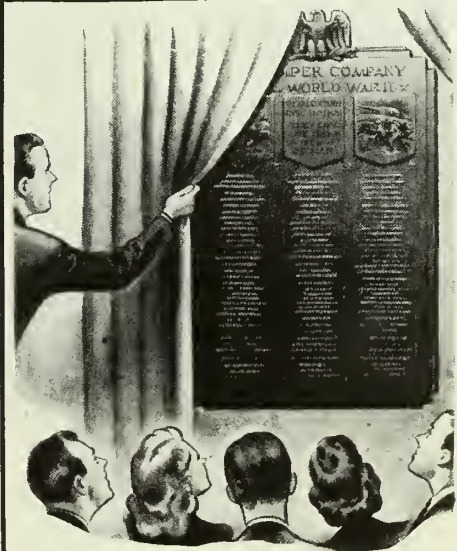


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JAPAN SO SORRY

(Continued from page 21)

which amounts to a minimum of rice and about ten ounces per day per person of soy bean meal which they cook up in one way or another. But the oil has been extracted from the bean for machinery lubrication, so the soy bean doesn't have enough soy. They can get a little tea. They can collect edible grasses. They can go to the country and beg, borrow or steal a few potatoes or a kind of radish which they have always eaten called a "daikon." No fish because no boats. No meat because no money.

For shelter, they have the shacks they have built themselves from the ruins. The fuel, fortunately, is no problem because of the mass of charred wood left in the bomb debris. But the Jap poor have always had so little that to them, their deprivation is not the crushing catastrophe you might suppose. And as for the very rich, while they have lost all their reserves, most rich people can manage, throughout disaster, to save enough to cover bare essentials.

As in most instances of war or depression, it is the middle or professional class whose outlook requires the greatest readjustment. Mr. Sofue was an actor, working regularly in the traditional Kabukai dramas which have sustained a profitable annual season for many years. Naturally, he has not worked since February because at that time most of the Tokyo theatres went down. Bee-twen-tee-nine. Having earned well in the past, however, Mr. Sofue had a little money saved, but there was not much he could do with it. He could not send his daughter to the school where she had been going. Even if he could afford it, the school just isn't there. Madame Sofue, whose framed photographs revealed that she used to dress in occidental furs and Paris hats must now try to sustain morale in the hideous droopy drawers bloomers called "mompei."

They are educated enough to know that their diet is full of vitamin deficiencies, so their hoarded savings are reserved for extra food. Take this meal which I was now contemplating (and not at all with distaste). The little bowl over the burner in the center of the low table contained strips of beef cooking in a very palatable sauce with bits of potato. A piece of fish was on a separate plate for me the guest, but not for them. Rice, soy bean bread, preserved fruit and tea, mostly black market.

The black market works like this. There is a small amount of meat, fish and vegetables obtainable in out of the way rural districts. The black market operators make weekly treks to the country and try to corner the surplus but the police make an honest effort to clamp down on this practice. However, if an individual from the city makes the journey to buy for himself and family, the cops look the other way.

Prices? The yen used to be worth about

a half a buck a few years ago, but inflation has knocked it to something microscopic. The U. S. has pegged it arbitrarily at 17 yen for the dollar and at this rate of exchange you can buy a pound of butter or a pound of sugar at something like \$12.00 a pound. How much of this stuff do you suppose the Japs can afford to eat? Naturally, no coffee or chocolate at any price.

If Sofue has saved his pennies sufficiently he can buy a black market suit of clothes for two hundred and fifty dollars, but being a fastidious man he probably wouldn't dare put it on before a mirror. I think they make those suits out of wood scrap.

I thought of their hopeless optimism about American help, in the light of what they were up against—the total breakdown of their productive machinery and a hopeless internal economy. I thought of all those busted department stores with nothing in them but a few show cases on the ground floor containing limited amounts of art treasures, but mostly junk to sell the GIs as souvenirs. I remembered the once busy rickshaws now out of repair and stored away, and the harbor which swarmed with commerce in years gone by but now a place of the dead—even the sampans rotting away on the canal banks. The Japs have a job before them, however bitterly they achieve the realization.

I thought of the people and their curious contradictory ideas, a people who were forever going some place when there really wasn't much of anywhere to go; a people so modest they won't kiss on the movie screen but who nurse their children in public and use the gutter for a latrine; a people so courteous and generous even to strangers that they cause you embarrassment, yet find it in themselves to torture enemy prisoners with childlike good humor. They are people who can't build a simple thing, like a fan for example, without investing it with consummate design and dainty craft, yet can't use a handaxe or a crowbar without looking somewhat ridiculous. I thought of these people who spoke naively of democracy without realizing to the slightest degree how difficult it would be to graft the elements of democracy on their traditional feudal habits of thought.

Well, says I to myself, with Japan in such a mess (and so very sorry), perhaps the facts of war have taught them something after all, so I said, "Look, Mr. Sofue, why did Japan start it all in the first place?" He had the usual answers. Japan did not want war. The Emperor had been fooled by his war lords. The people had been in virtual "slavery." Tojo was a bad man and a fool who could not even kill himself properly. Japan would now dedicate itself to perpetual peace.

Then he bowed and hissed again. "But if America and Japan join together"—he made an eloquent gesture with his fingers—"then together we will defeat Russia!"

I gave up.



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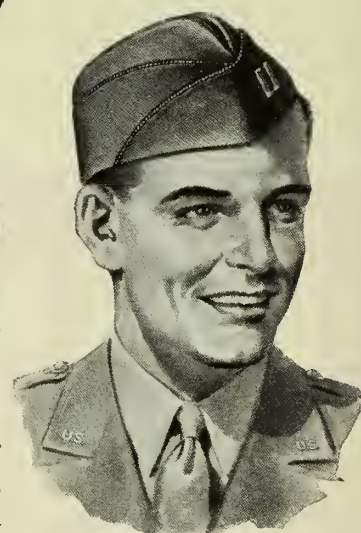
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WELL DONE, HOME FRONT

(Continued from page 9)

then arranged to set up first aid stations.

Gertrude Hovey volunteered to work on the airplane warning board in a coast city. For long hours, by day and by night, she remained at her post, identifying and marking the course of every plane reported by volunteer spotters. Gertrude felt she wasn't doing much, so she tried to join the WAC but wasn't accepted. Then she asked for a change of hours on the aircraft warning board, that she might work part of the time in a war plant, although it happened she didn't need the money. She did all this—and something else. Gertrude, in between times, gave two gallons of blood to the "bank." And she had no husband, no father, no brother in the war.

These stories, typical and true, are but instances of the driving urge of millions on the home front. What did the home front do to win the wars? That's it. That was America at home—when America got down to work.

Victory grew from the ranks of labor, from the Red Cross, the farmers and the railroads. It grew from the women, many with families, who gave daily hours to overcrowded hospitals, washing dishes, scrub-

bing floors; the nurses, getting old, who came back into the service that the younger ones might go over there; the women who made bandages all the morning and hurried to meet trains and planes, busses and ships, to take food and gifts to travelling troops; the families who lived in one-room houses, abandoned shacks, garages and trailers, that the men-folk might work in the plants. By 1943 more than a half-million workers and their families had moved into Los Angeles alone. It was the same in all the great industrial centers of America.

Who and what won the wars—over here? It was the army of boys and girls who gathered a million pounds of scrap iron and paper in one town in a matter of days. It was the housewives who scraped up the last ounce of fat because Uncle Sam asked for it. School teachers in over-crowded areas, many of them past retirement age, stayed on the job, teaching twice the normal number, with bad equipment in poor buildings. Business men, weary and worried, took the thankless job of serving on draft boards. Other busy men and women volunteered to man the ration and price control boards. We laughed at the old alphabet, strewn through the agencies of war on the home front, but the people in those agencies kept us moving, ever moving, toward the victory to come. These were trying days, and trying jobs, but it was the American spirit,

over here, just as it was the American spirit over there.

In many of the great industrial centers every available small building was packed with lathes or other machinery, staffed with young girls, with old men and old women, some of them in their seventies, turning out work for the big plants, to win the war—over here. Middle aged, elderly and often retired ship fitters, steam fitters, plumbers, riveters and bank clerks wore their steel accident helmets with the same pride with which the soldier wore his battle helmet. Even unnecessarily they wore them, as they rode to and from work in the share-the-ride club—wore them as a badge of honor. They, too, served. They, too, won the wars.

At war's beginning how astonished we were by the Germans' docile submission to rationing and restriction! We were individualists, we would have nothing of regimentation, we were Americans basking in the sun of plenty. And yet, when these things came, we took it for our share, as a burden on the rough road to victory. There was more kidding than crabbing. Thus, the overall picture of our America at war—on the home front.

Look closely now, realistically, at the terms of this charter for victory, over here. Call up the case of labor. Now and then headlines screamed, "50,000 men on strike." But headlines said little about the fifty

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HUNTING & FISHING

MAGAZINE, 226 Sportsman's Bldg., Boston, Massachusetts

JANUARY, 1946

63

million who stayed on the job. Strikes in the United States in wartime were vastly lower in number than one might have expected in terms of the heightened industrial activity. Take 1918, last year of World War I. The number of workers involved in strikes was 6.2 percent. Compare the figure with 1942, a big production year in World War II. The number of workers involved in strikes was 2.8 percent. In 1944 we lost one-tenth of one percent of working time in strikes. In 1942 and 1943, there were fewer man-days of production lost through labor disputes in the United States than in Great Britain, in proportion to total labor forces. England had strikes while London was being bombed. I was over there in 1943. New Zealand had them while invasion threatened. Canada had them. Only place there were almost no strikes was in the dictatorship countries. There, labor harmony is harmony under the whip. And World War II disputes were of shorter duration, so the figures tell me, than those of World War I.

And what were 50,000,000 men and women in the shops and factories doing from 1940 to 1945 to win the wars—over here? The War Production Board passes out but leaves a rainbow of vivid figures against the sky. During the five years this country doubled its manufacturing output to hurl more than \$186,000,000,000 worth of munitions against Germany and Japan. What was all this we put together and wrapped up and sent away to reach such a staggering value?

Well, we, on the home front, built a fleet of 297,000 military airplanes, of which 97,000 were bombers. We, the people back home, launched 76,485 ships, including 64,500 landing craft, 6500 other ships for our navy, and 5425 cargo vessels. Our folks made 17,400,000 rifles, carbines and side-arms; 315,000 pieces of field artillery and mortars; 165,525 naval guns. In our spare time we turned out 41,400,000,000 rounds of smallarms ammunition; 4,200,000 tons of artillery shells; 86,338 tanks and 2,434,553 trucks.

Navy fire power was increased ten-fold in five years and the merchant fleet was quadrupled. The total output of goods, for war and civilian services, rose by more than 50 percent. What were we doing on the home front? The output of raw materials increased by 60 percent. Aircraft employment alone climbed in five years from 100,000 to 2,000,000, and total employment in manufacturing jumped by nearly six and one-half million persons. When the overall history of the world's greatest war is written, in the long perspective of time, men will say it was a record totally glorious.

The drama of production and the thrill of it fire the imaginations of men. President Roosevelt suddenly calls for 50,000 airplanes in a year. It can't be done. But it was done, and far more. Take one instance. Take the famous B-24 bomber. It

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had 488,000 parts. The government was making a dozen a month. Old Uncle Sam talked with the 80-year-young Henry Ford. Came Willow Run. When it finally rolled, B-24's were coming off the line, not a dozen a month but **ONE EVERY HOUR**. And the incredible, ditch-jumping, tree-climbing jeeps poured out of my home town of Toledo. Home front Americans made 361,349 of them and tossed them to the four corners of the earth.

Day by day, much of the time seven days a week, the farmers, many of them old and ready to walk out of the furrow and call it a long day, turned back. With too little help they produced food as never before, not only for our boys overseas and the home folks but for the armies and home folks of our allies. Millions of tons of food went to feed the hungry in the war-stricken lands of Europe and the Orient, while the goods of every description that went to our comrades in other lands on lend-lease mounted, in the period of the war, to \$42,-000,000,000.

By day and by night, in sunshine, rain and storm, the railroads rolled ceaselessly toward victory. Passenger trains jumped from ten or a dozen cars to twenty; freights were almost a mile long. In the five years from 1940 to 1945 the vastest tonnage ever moved in the history of the mechanical age set fantastic records. Passenger traffic, measured in "passenger miles," increased 321 percent in 1944 over 1939. Freight traffic, measured in tons carried one mile, jumped 121 percent in the same time.

Drama and thrills? Yes, and mystery too. The hitherto confidential story of the contribution of the home front workers to the making of the atomic bomb can now be told. The final service of our men and women, on this side of the water, the service which ended the Japanese war is, indeed, a thrilling piece of history. When it was decided to go ahead with the enormous, fantastic building projects necessary to the splitting of the atom, to the tapping of the main stream of the energy of the universe, the War Department sent out a hurry call for help on a gigantic scale. Under the leadership of the heads of organized labor, thousands of skilled craftsmen were mobilized almost overnight and sent on their way to deal with Death. There were no houses ready for workers. Without military training they lived like soldiers in camp. They rose to the terrible urgency of the hour. The universe gave up its secret. Man grasped the stunning power that swings the stars. American workingmen and working women proved equal to the gigantic task—to the desperate danger, to the compelling, mysterious demand of secrecy.

Drama on the home front? The battle of repairs was fought—over here. A visit to the shipyards of the nation was an inspiring journey. Then men in the fleet, from the four-stripers and the admirals down, when a ship was hit and sent home, asked

the same question: when do we get it back? Even when the Japanese were hanging on the ropes, they had to be hit again and again. That they were hit again and again was in large measure because of the mighty shipward effort on the same coast. Quickly, the jagged wounds of naval warfare were mended.

What did the home front do to win the wars? Civilians built the ships; civilians made the guns; civilians grew the food, civilians moved the trains. Civilians released the energy, from manpower to atomic bomb power, that ended two wars with victory. All glory, everlasting, deathless glory to the million men and women in the armed forces. They fought and bled and died for us at home, for America. But it took the never-say-die team-work—soldiers and civilians—to bring home the victory. It was the sense of that team-work, along with other vital factors, that lifted morale to a level never reached before.

Behind production, behind sacrifice, behind victory itself, was morale. The story of what the home front did to win the wars must give high place to the newspapers, the magazines, the radio, the church, the USO and the public entertainers, at home and abroad. They gave ineffable, immeasurable service in their contribution to the spirit of the armed forces. In the building of morale I pay a special tribute to the men of the American Legion. I can speak objectively because I am not and cannot be a member. But the clear and steady guidance for the young men who marched away to World War II, given by the tens of thousands of devoted and deeply patriotic men who had, themselves, been there before, is past all calculation. Legionnaires laid a foundation of courage and faith and inspiration that could have come from no others.

What did the home front have, and what did it give? It was the American spirit, the spirit of Mary McBride, who gave her only son, that shone around and about us, even as it shone around and about those immortal lads on Iwo Jima who lifted a sacred flag on the heights of Suribachi.



"Father was in cavalry, you know."

PRIDE OF ALTOONA

(Continued from page 11)

outfit—Company G, 169 Regiment, 43rd Infantry Division—moved beyond the town of San Fabian in Pangasinan Province and ran up against a couple of Jap pillboxes set on either side of a ridge, with some entrenched riflemen between. Mortars knocked out one of the pillboxes but couldn't get to the second. Bob's squad was ordered to wipe it out and take the hill.

The only approach was across a narrow hogback about seventy yards wide.

"It looked like the kind of place where one man could do as good a job as fifteen," Bob said. "I figured I'd take a crack at it and let one of the other guys in the squad handle the next one that came along.

The citation accompanying the Medal of Honor said:

"Covered by his squad, Sergeant Laws traversed the hogback through vicious enemy fire until close to the pillbox, where he hurled grenades at the fortifications. Enemy grenades wounded him, but he persisted in his assault until one of his missiles found its mark and knocked out the pillbox."

Bob said he carried a machine pistol with a 15-round clip ready to go and an extra in his cartridge belt, plus a sackful of grenades, a couple of knives, a canteen and two jungle first-aid kits. "I crawled on my belly to about ten yards from the pillbox and threw two grenades, but they missed. So I got on my knees and threw three more. Those three did the trick."

The citation continued: *"With more grenades, passed to him by members of his squad who had joined him, he led the attack on the entrenched riflemen. In the advance up the hill he suffered additional wounds in both arms and legs, about the body and in the head, as grenades and T N T charges exploded near him."*

"I felt like a corkscrew, driving myself into the ground. Everything looked black and I tried to see but couldn't. It was a hell of a feeling."

"Three Japs rushed him with fixed bayonets, and he emptied the magazine of his machine pistol at them, killing two. He closed in hand-to-hand combat with the third, seizing the Jap's rifle as he met the onslaught. The two fell to the ground and rolled some fifty or sixty feet down a bank. When the dust cleared, the Jap lay dead and the valiant American was climbing back up the hill with a large gash across his head."

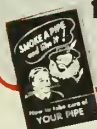
"I don't remember much about that," Bob said. "When the third Jap charged me I grabbed at him and then the corkscrew feeling came back, only somebody else was falling with me. Every time we hit the ground I tried to push him under me. Then my head cleared a little and I was laying on top of the Jap at the bottom of the bank. My knife was in his stomach. I fig-



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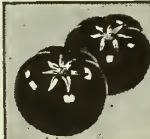
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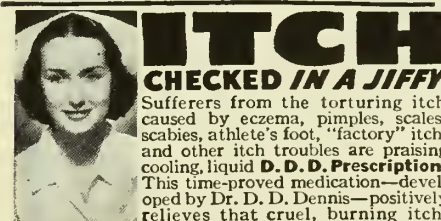
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ured I'd better get out of there, but I didn't know which way to go. The bank looked friendly, so I started climbing. When I got to the top a couple of medics put me on a litter and carried me back to an aid station."

He passed out shortly after that and didn't regain consciousness until the following morning. At that stage nobody had even considered the possibility of his getting the Congressional Medal of Honor. Least of all Bob Laws, who was having trouble enough just keeping alive. A grenade cap was removed from his head in the field hospital, and the surgeon who performed the operation is reputed to have said that he'd hate like hell to have to bet any money on the Sergeant's chances of ever getting back to the States alive.

But Bob lived through that morning, and the next day, too, and when they finally got him out to a hospital ship things were definitely looking up.

Enroute to New Guinea, however, he began having terrific headaches.

"I'd ask for an ice pack and when that melted I'd ask for another," he said. "After a while they'd get tired of fixing ice packs for me, so they'd give me sleeping tablets. The tablets put everything to sleep except my head."

Later they removed a piece of his skull and assorted hunks of grenades—he says he's still pulling scrap iron out of various parts of his body—and eventually sent him back to San Francisco. The first thing he did was to make straight for the nearest refreshment stand and begin catching up on his long neglected quota of chocolate milkshakes.

He was sent to McGuire General Hospital, Richmond, Virginia, for more medical treatment and finally was furloughed home for the first time in almost three years.

There still was no inkling that Bob was to get the Medal of Honor. He knew his platoon leader had recommended him for the Silver Star, but that had been so long before that he figured it'd been turned down somewhere along the line. Anyway, as far as Bob and his folks were concerned the only important thing was that he had returned home.

It had been a long pull. First, the usual training and shifting about that any draftee would get; then shipping out orders, the troop train trip across country, and finally embarkation aboard a Dutch transport on October 1, 1942, four months to the day from the time ASN 33,246,906 had been affixed to the end of his name.

A month in New Zealand, advanced training at New Caledonia, and then his first beachhead—at Pavuvu Island in the Russells. Other beachheads followed—Murray Island, Rendova, Munda. It was July, 1943, and Munda was tough. Like many another Pacific based GI Bob came down with malaria. The record shows that he had 11 attacks overseas and three more back home.

Bob was wounded on Munda—by one of his own men who knifed him by mistake when a Jap slipped into their fox-hole at night.

They stayed on Munda for eight months—"too damned long," said Bob Laws. Then the outfit returned to New Zealand, rested, refitted, trained some more, and headed out again. The next landing was on Aitape in New Guinea. That was in July, 1944, and Aitape was tough too. Bob killed Japs and got shot at by some he didn't kill, and was a very happy doughfoot indeed when he boarded ship on Christmas Day and headed west. Lingayen Gulf was coming up.

Back home Bob's folks worried, as any parents will, and it's probably just as well they didn't know about the Medal of Honor when he finally got home in August, 1945. Bob says it was perfect just the way it was. His Dad sat him down and asked to hear about the war and his Mother went out in the kitchen and cooked up some steak and eggs, a concoction he learned to like in New Zealand.

Bob's dad has worked in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Altoona for the past 35 years. During the war he served as an electric welder, though in all probability he'll retire from welding soon after Bob's retirement from soldiering.

Bob's mother is small, quiet and hard working. He happened to arrive home just at a time when the family was moving, and as anybody who has ever moved a family from one house to another will attest, that's a considerable undertaking. But through it all Mrs. Laws managed to devote at least a couple of hours each day to cooking special dishes for Bob, and it might be added that he appreciated it no end.

They learned about the Congressional Medal of Honor after Bob had been home for a couple of weeks. Bob didn't believe it at first.

"I was out back working on my car when Mom called me to the phone," he said. "The connection was bad and all I understood was something about returning to



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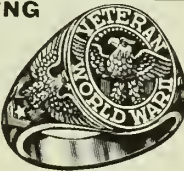
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the hospital so I could get ready to go up to Washington and get the Medal of Honor. After I hung up I sent a wire to the commanding officer of the hospital to find out if there was anything to it. His answer came back the next day. Damned if it wasn't true."

The 80,000 residents of Altoona promptly let loose a lot of energy they apparently had stored up for just such an occasion. The whole Altoona Works of the PRR, where Bob had been employed as a sheet metal worker in the tin shop before the war, turned out for the biggest parade and celebration the town had seen in more than 30 years.

Some twelve thousand people marched in the parade with Bob riding in an open touring car flanked on either side by his Mom and Dad. The Mayor told the people that Bob Laws was the outstanding citizen in the whole town, and the people agreed with him. Bob joined The American Legion and the Legionnaires honored him at a special dinner. His former co-workers presented him with a \$100 war bond and a purse filled with cash.

Through it all Bob was pleased but quiet. When called on to make a speech at the celebration he stood up, said, "Thank you, people of Altoona," then sat down again.

His three sisters, Betty and Grace, both married, and Margaret, just out of high school, continued to treat him just the way they had before he went away. They kidded a lot, told him he ought to get married, and made him feel very much at home. And of course Grace's two children, Donny, 5, and Cissy, 3, took a great interest and pride in their Uncle Bob.

Whenever he felt thirsty, which was often, Bob would go down to the little drugstore where he used to hang out after school and get a couple of chocolate milkshakes.

While he was home Bob naturally did some figuring about what he plans to do after he's discharged from the army. At this writing he hasn't made up his mind, but there's a good chance he'll return to the tin shop at the railroad.

Next to chocolate milkshakes, Bob's main outside interest is in automobiles. He says his idea of the way to spend a perfect afternoon is to get in his 1936 model Oldsmobile, drive out of town 40 or 50 miles, then turn around and drive home again.

"I guess I'm just car-happy," he says.

Just how car-happy he is, however, didn't come to light until he was asked whether he has a steady girl friend.

"Sure," he said. "She lives out in the western part of the State. I started out to see her the other afternoon. Drove about 20 miles out of town and the car broke down. Had it towed into a filling station and fixed, but it was pretty late then, so I drove on home. I didn't get to see the girl, but I had a swell time driving through the country."

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